THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV No. 1767

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

DEC. 2 1933

SIGNS OF A COLD ? TAKE — GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

THE ART OF DECORATING A FANCY TIN IMPROVES EVERY YEAR

What Nicer **PRESENT** Can One Receive Than One Of These Attractive Caddies Filled With The UNITED KINGDOM TEA Co's usual **XMAS** blend?

Write for Particulars: UNITED KINGDOM TEA CO., LTD., Empire Warehouses, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.2

"OLD FORTY"

SCOTCH WHISKY

Known officially as "FORTIFICATION"

Ask for it as "Old Forty." Home or Overseas, "Old Forty." is reliable and undeviating in quality.

FOUNDED 1816.

SIMPSON SHEPHERD & SONS LTD
ABERDEEN

When Dining out Drink—

Apollinaris

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

TRADE MARK

Preferred for its purity.

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR.

9/- per ½ bottle
17/6 per bottle
An Ideal Xmas Gift
Of all first-class Wine Merchants

The extract with the real coffee flavour

"SERVICE" COFFEE WITH CHICORY

TRADE MARK BRAND

"ARETHUSA" BOYS MAKE THE FINEST SAILORS IN THE WORLD

A MOST EARNEST APPEAL IS MADE FOR IMMEDIATE DONATIONS FOR

THE NEW "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

MOORED IN THE MEDWAY, NEAR ROCHESTER,

Where 230 Poor Boys are now being trained for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

The old "Arethusa" Training Ship was condemned by the Admiralty as worn out and unfit for further service.

10,000 boys were sent to the Royal Navy and Merchant Service.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

MYERS'

FINE OLD

JAMAICA RUM

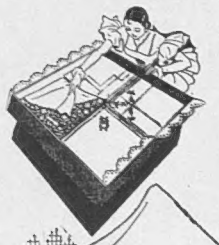
Pre-war Strength and Quality. Aged for years in puncheons and bottled in Jamaica—famous for the finest Rums since someone said—"Yo-Ho-Ho . ."

Obtainable from—
J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.
Corner House, Coventry St., W.1.
Strand Corner House, W.C.2.
Oxford St., Corner House, W.1.
Maison Lyons Corner House, Marble Arch, W.1.
Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., Ltd. (all branches)
West Indian Produce Assoc., Ltd. 14 Creechurch Lane, E.C.3.
Hedges & Butler, Ltd. 153 Regent St., W.1.
Selfridge & Co., Ltd. Oxford St., W.1.
Wm. Whiteley, Ltd. Queen's Rd., W.2.
John Barnes & Co., Ltd. 191 Finchley Rd., N.W.3.
D. R. Evans & Co., Ltd. 25 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

Agents for U.K.: Gillespie Bros. & Co., Ltd., 82, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

HANDKERCHIEFS

at Robinson & Cleaver's



Come and inspect the largest stock of Handkerchiefs in London. For Xmas Gifts nothing is more suitable and prices fit every kind of grateful recipient; or write for illustrated list post free.

HANDKERCHIEFS FOR XMAS GIFTS

T7. Ladies' fine Irish Linen Initial Handkerchief. Size about 12 x 12in. **13/6** per doz.

T8. Ladies' Irish Sheer Linen Handkerchief veined hem, hand embroidered design in one corner. Each **2/-**

T11. Men's Irish Linen Initial Handkerchief, hand embroidered. Size about 19 x 19in. per doz. **16/6**

T12. Twilled Silk Handkerchiefs, 23in. square, neat designs on blue, brown, or wine ground. Each **4/6**

T13. Crepe de Chine, all silk, size 24in., neat or bold designs in wine, blue, or brown. Best quality. Each **6/6**

Handkerchief list sent post free when published

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

THE LINEN HALL : REGENT STREET : LONDON : W1

Virginia Leaf which is specially selected and blended in Player's own way, gives Number 3 their distinct character and charm. The smoker who desires "something a little better" will be wise in choosing Player's Number 3.

20 FOR 1/4 • 50 FOR 3/3 • 100 FOR 6/4

PLAYER'S

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

NUMBER 3

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 3.P.18A.

An Ideal . . .

XMAS PRESENT

NEAT AND USEFUL

The Flip-Flap CIGARETTE CASE REGD.

By holding as illustrated, a slight pressure of the thumb opens the case, which shuts automatically on being released.

Made in attractive modern coloured designs, chromium and nickel plated, engine turned. **4/6** each.

Obtainable from Boots, Taylors, Selfridges, Harrods, Patrick Thomson, Jenners, D. M. Brown, Copland & Lye, Robertson, Ledlie & Ferguson, and all leading tobacconists, chemists, drapery stores and jewellers.

Sole manufacturers and patentees:—

A. Burnet & Co., Ltd., 48, Golden Lane, London, E.C.1.

DELAY BALDNESS

A little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL well rubbed into the scalp every day will promote the growth of the hair, it will keep it in perfect condition and impart to it a lovely glossiness.

Since 1793 the leading hair tonic.

Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers.

3/6, 7/- & 10/6

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,

22 Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, London - - - England.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Removed by Electrolysis at Home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely. It has never failed and is so simple a child could use it; guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, £4.4.0. or 20/- and 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated brochure free, in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ LTD. (Dept. 56), 227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

KROPP RAZORISMS NO. 2

Buy a KROPP

. . . and smooth over all Shaving difficulties

It's no use putting a brave face to a razor with a sullen disposition. Far better to buy the friendly Kropp, the hand-made product of a master cutler. The Kropp is All-British, needs little attention, incurs practically no expense for upkeep, yet gives luxurious shaving for a lifetime.

In Case, Black Handle, **10/6**
Ivory Handle - - - - **18/-**
From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.

Free Copy of illustrated "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No.170, sent on request. Try the New Kropp Bakelite Shaving Stick, price 1/3. Also Kropp Shaving Cream, 1/3 per large tube.

OSBORNE GARRETT & CO LIMITED., LONDON W.1

For NURSING MOTHERS

BENGER'S Food

promotes and maintains strength

330

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

Coatees & Capes at Woollands

No. 313.—Becoming is this new satin and metal **Coatee,** in lovely ivory shade and trimmed monkey fur and dainty ruched edge.

Price 6½ Gns.

LA. 303.—Chic black velvet **Cape,** lined white, giving ruched effect. Delightful shape. Copy of model.

Price 49/6

LA. 306.—Becoming **Coatee** in black velvet, revers and sleeves giving black/white effect. Lined throughout.

Price 4 Gns.

GIFT BOOK Post Free
——on application——

Right ☛

LA. 309.—Lovely velvet **Cape,** with wide, soft fur and fastening at shoulder with bow. In blackberry, new green, raisin, and all the newest shades and black.

Price 69/6

WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Woolland Bros. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. *Phone: SLOane 4545*

Lilley & Skinner Ltd

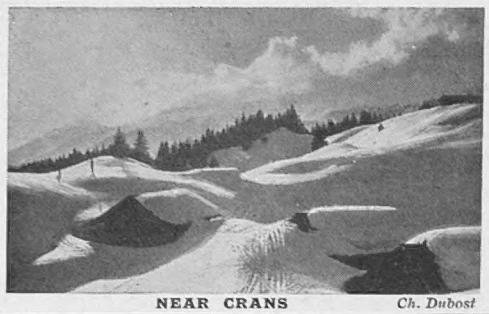
This morning, had you been in the 1st floor salon at Lilley & Skinners you would have beheld these ladies browsing among the world's brightest collection of evening shoes. And to-night, ahead of their escorts, here they wait: two women of the 20th Century, dressed from toe to top with that lively but decorous distinction which is, and always has been, the peculiar privilege of smart Englishwomen.

LILLEY & SKINNER LTD.
358-360 Oxford St., London, W.1.

● *Catalogues of evening and walking shoes are yours for the asking.*

Standing . . . .
62 x 274 in white Satin; also black satin and crêpe. Spanish Louis heel. London hand made 45/6

Seated . . . .
64 x 124 In gold and white or silver and white brocade 49/6
Also white crêpe . . . 45/6



NEAR CRANS Ch. Dubost

Why are you going to **SWITZERLAND** *for Winter Sports?*

Because you find there splendid **Sporting Opportunities**; Ideal **Ski-ing Grounds**—Courses in Ski-ing according to the new **Swiss Ski-ing School.** From December 15 — 30 per cent. Reduction on Fares in Switzerland.

For any information apply to: **The Swiss National Tourist Office, Zurich or Lausanne, The Swiss Federal Railways, London,** Carlton House, 11b, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, S.W.1, **all Travel Agencies throughout the World** and to all **Enquiry Offices** of the undermentioned Winter Resorts.

LES AVANTS, CAUX, ROCHERS de NAYE above Montreux, **CHATEAU-d'ŒX, GSTAAD, ZWEISIMMEN, LENK.** The very Region for all Winter Sports. With the Montreux–Bernese Oberland Railway.

CRANS

Above Sierre, 4910 ft. Simplon Railway Line. 10 hours from Paris. Winter Sports Centre. Ski-ing School conducted by the World Champion, O. Furrer. Bobsleigh, Skating, etc. Hotels: **Golf—Beau-Séjour—Alpina & Savoy—Royal—Carlton—Rhodania—Eden—Continental—Bristol—Pas-de-l'Ours—Soldanella.**

BERNE

Ideal Shopping Place—Numerous Attractions—Fine Concerts Opera — Kursaal — Casino Artificial Skating Rink.

VILLARS

(4000–6000 ft.) Simplon Line.

Hotels: **Palace—Muveran—Bellevue.** Full Pension from £1, 17/-, and 14/- Railway to Ski-ing Fields up to 6000-8000 ft.

LEUKERBAD

(4650 ft.)

Any Winter Sport. Large Thermal Swimming Pools. Bath Cures. Electric Railway from Lenk. Simplon Railway Line.

Glorious **GURNIGEL**

Bernese Oberland, 3800–5300 ft. 300 bedrooms. Orchestra. All Winter Sports. The best place for an Apine Holiday. Most easily reached. Journey short and inexpensive by through carriages from Boulogne to Berne. Low terms.

Full particulars from Manager: H. KREBS.

ENGELBERG (3500–6000 ft.) Well-known Hotels. **Grand Hotel Kurhaus,** 300 beds, from 17/-; **Hotel Bellevue-Terminus,** 130 beds, from 15/-; **Hotels Hess,** 120 beds, from 13/-; **Hotel Edelweiss,** 80 beds, from 13/-; **Hotel Schweizerhof,** 60 beds, from 13/-. Prospectuses direct from the Hotels.

SAANENMOESER 4170 ft. Montreux-Zweisimmen Railway Line. Well-known Ski-ing Fields. Season—December–April. Swiss Ski-ing School. Sports Hotel.

Get **YOUNGER** *every day*

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S **Scotch Ale**

Brewed in EDINBURGH by WILLIAM YOUNGER & Co., Ltd.

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S **Scotch Ale**

CANADA

THE FISHERMAN'S PARADISE!

PLAN NOW
FOR A TRIP NEXT SPRING.

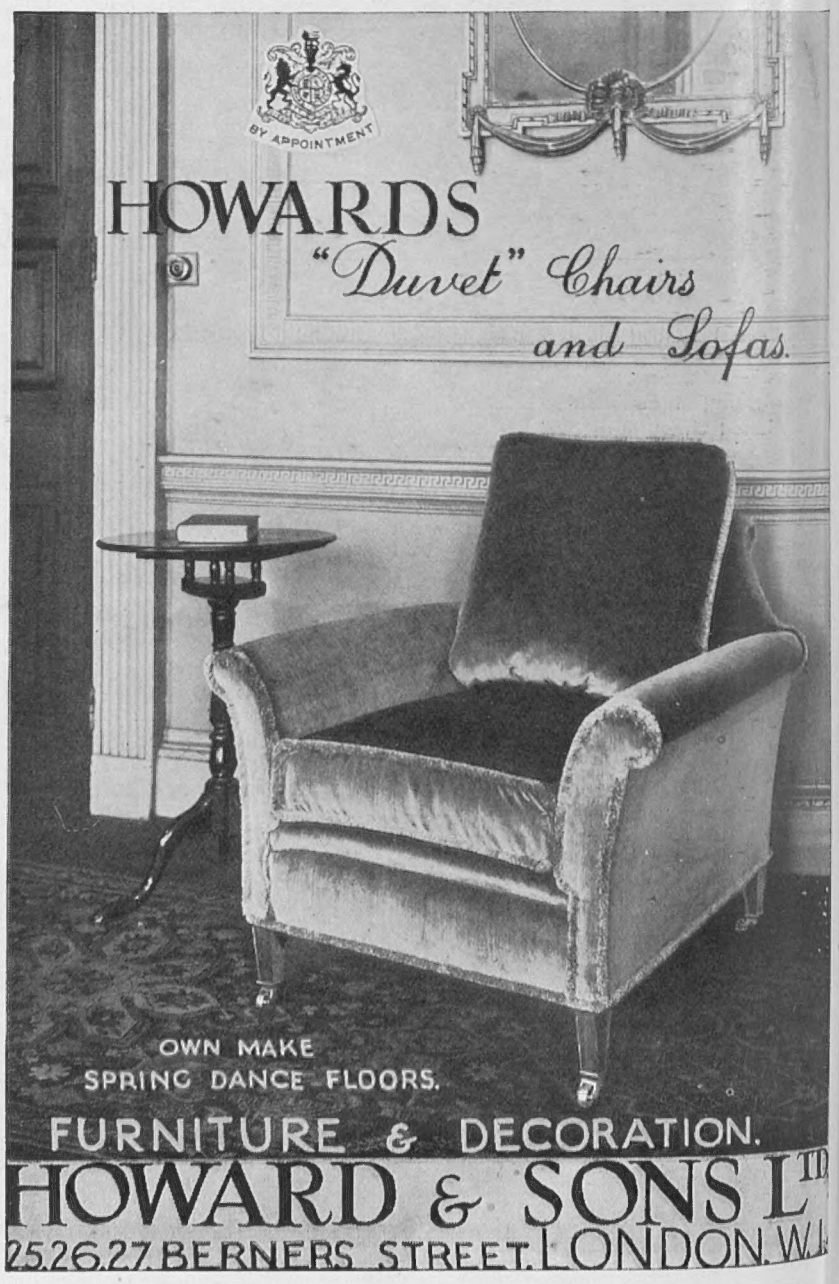
Fish in the Maritimes, Quebec and British Columbia for salmon, trout and deep-sea fish; Ontario for bass; the Western Provinces for pickerel and jack-fish. Experience the satisfaction of a well-filled creel after the day's sport.

Send for Free Booklet—
"HUNTING, FISHING and CANOE TRIPS" in Canada.

Dept. A,

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

17-19, COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1,
and at LIVERPOOL, BIRMINGHAM, CARDIFF, GLASGOW, SOUTHAMPTON, MANCHESTER, BELFAST, PARIS, etc., or Local Agents.

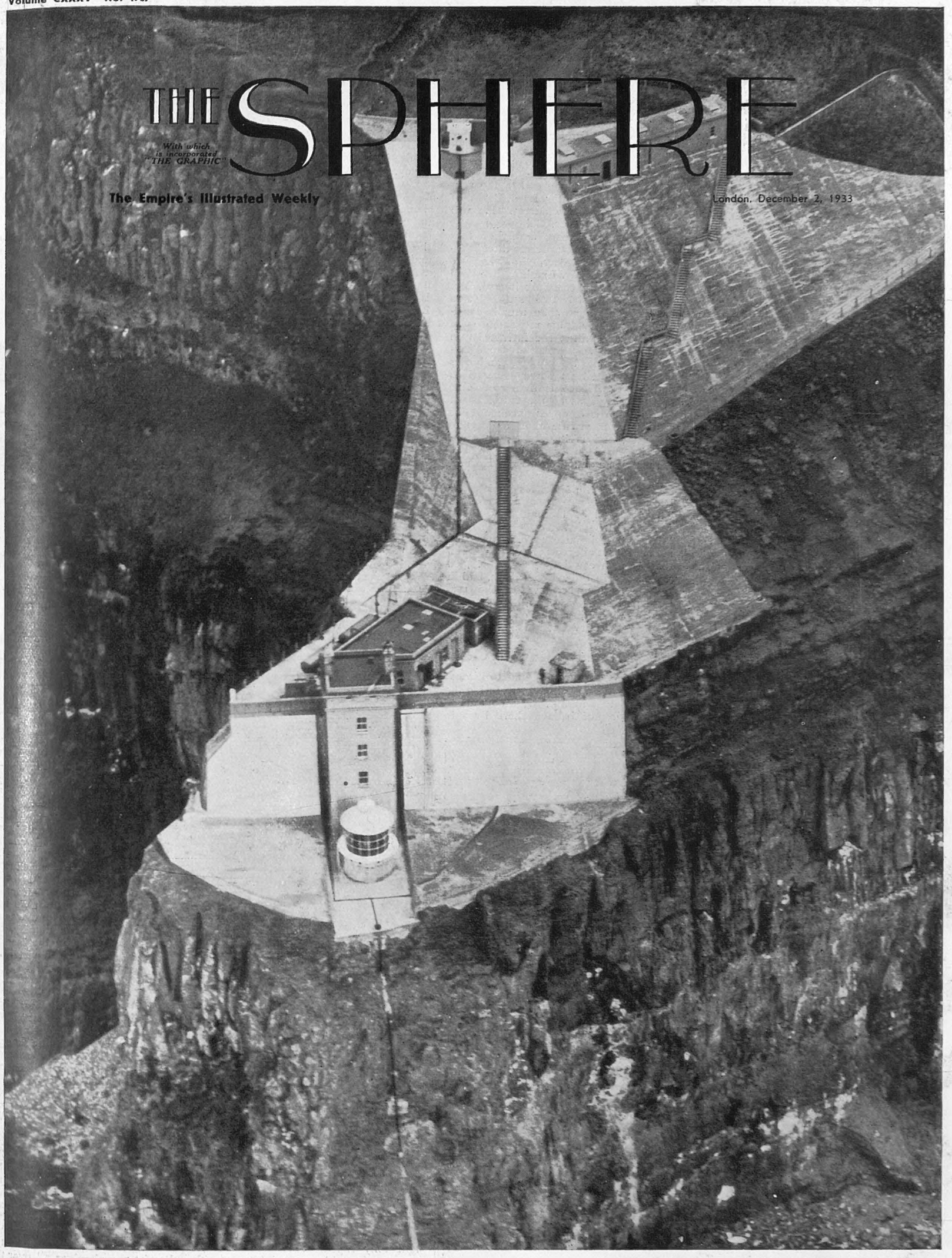


THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London. December 2, 1933



GUARDIAN OF THE NORTH CHANNEL

A New Air Picture of the Great Lighthouse which Guides the North Atlantic Liners between Rathlin Isle and the Mull of Kintyre

The Rathlin Isle lighthouse is a familiar sight to North Atlantic "skippers" on their way from America to the ports of Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast. Its red flash is visible every five seconds, and extends right across the North Channel to the Mull of Kintyre on the Scottish coast. During the Great War it was popularly known among members of the Anti-Submarine Patrol who covered this area as the "Red Star in the East," and its flash on a wild night was always a welcome sign. It is built of concrete on a precipitous cliff face of crumbling chalk and columnar basalt, and stands 204 ft. above the high-water mark. To negotiate the long steps down the concrete face, and leading from the keeper's lodge to the light, must require a steady nerve when the northern gales are blowing with their accustomed ferocity

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.

O O A LONDON

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, November 29, 1933.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.—Look at it through spectacles never so rose-coloured, Rutland's by-election result spells *mene, mene*, etc. It tells Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin once more that still as of old the post-War rule is in force and that the most admirable Government will be kicked out by the simple process of complete reaction due to disappointment at the slowness of progress, *however sound and efficient the Government in power may be*. Thus since the War every Conservative Government has been replaced (to its complete surprise) by a Labour, and every Socialist Government in its turn replaced by a Conservative after bringing the country to the verge of ruin. Now as ever, the electorate is not to be trusted and not to be credited even with the reasoning powers of a hen. Five thousand persons in Rutland who in 1931 were whole-hearted National Conservatives have entirely forgotten the devastation caused by Socialism in office and the good results of National Government, and have become enthusiastic party men and Socialists. It is enough to make angels weep. But was it enough to wake Mr. Baldwin from the sleep of death? Did it suffice to warn him at long last that unless here and now he insists on a measure of reform for the House of Lords, a measure to create a bulwark between Crippsism and Constitutional Government, in five years that grand old England, whose charming publicity agent he is, will have vanished into thin air for ever? Will *anything*, if not Rutland, wake from sleep Conservative politicians who have been long in authority? We have our answer already. It is, so far as Mr. Baldwin is concerned, in the negative. As of old, he believes (despite two recent and, one would have thought, bitter lessons in the contrary sense) that the dear old country is politically sound at bottom and the voter essentially *homo sapiens*. He was not content to dismiss the question of making the Second Chamber effective. He kicked it overboard with a gibe. He said it was a charming subject for academic debate in the winter evenings. So are the pros and cons of a Channel tunnel or the question of whether the pen is mightier than the sword. Twice Mr. Baldwin has believed in the sound sense of the British voter, and twice he has been fooled. And he is to be fooled again, and with him the Conservative party and the country. Unless Lord Salisbury works a miracle, Second Chamber reform is dead.

MR. GEORGE LAMBTON.—Mr. Lambton at the end of the year will cease to train for Lord Derby at Stanley House, Newmarket. He will be succeeded by Mr. Colledge Leader of the famous racing family of that name which will now possess three leading Newmarket trainers. Lord Derby's association with Mr. Lambton has been long and very successful; indeed, Mr. Lambton in the last two or three years has had some more than usually dazzling successes, and his retirement is in part due no doubt to the intense strain resulting from so large an undertaking. Racing has been in Mr. Lambton's blood for at least three generations and his experience is immense. One of the many sons of the 2nd Earl of Durham, he is in appearance more like a literary or artistic than a sporting celebrity, and is in fact versatile and well informed on a variety of subjects. He married a daughter of Lady Horner, whose *Time Remembered* is just now among the reminiscences which are being generally read and discussed. The 1st Earl of Durham was J. G. Lambton whom Creevey nicknamed "King Jog," because in an unguarded moment he is alleged to have murmured that "a man can jog along on £40,000 a year." He did so jog along, and in the 1820's his successes on the turf were perfectly dazzling, although there was an opinion in racing circles of that day that he overworked his horses.

A DINNER TO LORD LLOYD.—I am not going to discuss Lord Lloyd's nostrums for restoring the health of this nation. If the truth be told, I do not believe there lives in England one man in every million who is competent to-day to decide what programme of national and international policy, once carried through, would be effective. One thought only arose in my breast in connection with the feast arranged, and the company assembled, to do honour to Lord Lloyd. Lord Lloyd's career has been an honourable, a dignified, a consistent, and a distinguished one. Yet to-day the things he stood for and still stands for seem to belong to a vanished age. The fruits for which he strove seem to have crumbled to ashes like Dead Sea fruit. He, and in a measure Lord Carson and Mr. Churchill too, seem to us to-day to be stragglers from a vanished era, to belong to the time in our political history when Palmerston, when Disraeli, made themselves responsible for upholding the honour and safeguarding the welfare of England. Since their day we have seen the political traditions of our fathers so mauled, so shattered, so contemptuously handled that, driven to the other extreme, we have come to regard anything short of national altruism as a political crime. Our one and only expedient is compromise—compromise with our neighbours, with our rivals, with our dependants, with our professed enemies; compromise in international, as in domestic, affairs; compromise, with a bias in favour of those with whom we are dealing.

CHOOSING A CREW: Mr. G. A. Ellison [illegible] the work of the Oxford "A" and [illegible] eights rowed a dead he[illegible]

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S LEADING LADY AND HER FIANCE: Miss Virginia Cherrill with Mr. Cary Grant (left), the film star, whom she went down to Plymouth to meet on his arrival from America and to whom she will be married this month. With them is Mr. Randolph Scott

MR. NOEL COWARD HOLDS THE BABY: The famous playwright with Daniel, the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey who was christened at St. Martin-in-the-Fields last week. Four-year-old Sally Pearson (left), daughter of Miss Gladys Cooper, is acting as godmother

A HAPPY COINCIDENCE: The Earl of Athlone, Chancellor of London University, presenting his wife, Princess Alice, with the hood when she was made a Doctor of Literature at the University's Foundation Day ceremony last week

A CONSISTENT POLICY AT LEAST.—Have we, let us ask ourselves seriously, carried compromise and humility and altruism a stage too far? Have we suffered the pendulum to carry us too far from the proud and perhaps selfish traditions of the days of our greatness? What do these men stand for? They are assuredly not compromisers, they are not half-hearted. Wrong-headed they must often be, but wobblers or inconsistent, not often. If there be one thing common to all these men, whom sometimes we label "jingoes," or "crusty Tories," or uncompromising reactionaries, or Big-Navy men, or Imperialists, or Isolationists, it is this—a passionate, a selfless, a whole-hearted love of England. Love and pride in England, that is no mean ideal and motive power. It speaks at least of sincerity, it makes for consistency, it breeds courage, and ensures single-mindedness. I ask myself whether sometimes to-day, in our respectable desire to heal the sores of international enmity and party bitterness, we have mislaid that passion for our country, its honour and its dignity, to which Noel Coward in the last words of his *Cavalcade* so movingly referred.

ONLY A RUMOUR?—What wonderful material might be found among these stalwarts for the essentials of a new National Party, if any leading politician exists with unimpaired ambition and the energy and enthusiasm to revive again the old game of parties! Suppose Mr. George (who, if Lord Riddell's intimate diaries are to be believed, has ever since the War been moving steadily towards Toryism and capitalism) were to come to an understanding with Lord Lloyd, Mr. Churchill, and, let us say, Mr. Oswald Mosley, what a battery of big guns he could mass. Sir Oswald, of course, could only come in in his black shirt. He is committed to Fascism, and Fascism could hardly be acceptable to such a new party, although, as the startling increase in the local Fascist organizations all over the country testifies, Fascism is getting a real hold in England. Even so, Mr. George, Lord Lloyd, and Mr. Churchill would prove a doughty triumvirate; and the mere idea of such an entente has already fathered rumours.

LADIES OF SPAIN.—The Spanish elections are revealing rather than symptomatic. They seem to prove once more that politically women are more level-headed, far-sighted, and long-memoried than men. They prove, at any rate, that women are not so

NEWSLETTER

ft) and Colonel J. L. Philips watching 3" crews at Henley-on-Thames. The last Saturday's trials

ready to throw tradition overboard, to expect a millennium from a *coup d'état*, to be swayed by violence in word and act, and to tolerate injustice to the individual as the price of "justice" to the nation. In Spain, as elsewhere, the women are the best economists. They have every reason to appreciate the folly of killing the goose which lays the golden eggs instead of safeguarding its laying powers and distributing more equably its output. In Spain, at any rate, the women are deeply religious, and the elections there have once more taught dictatorships all the world over, whether Socialist, Communist, Nazi, or otherwise, that to persecute religion, to encourage injustice to individuals, to threaten with force, are the three cardinal follies in statesmanship. The question of Monarchy does not arise out of the election. That is another question—a question which every country is entitled to settle without outside interference or criticism. But the whole civilized world is vitally concerned in the liberties and rights, legal, religious, social, and political, of individuals of any class or degree in any unit of the comity of nations.

THE END OF A SUCCESSFUL ASSOCIATION: Lord Derby (right) and his trainer, the Hon. George Lambton, who, it is announced, will relinquish his duties at Stanley House, Newmarket, afte December 31. Mr. Lambton trainec Hyperion, this year's Derby winner

ALBA'S SOUND SENSE.

—What the Duke of Alba said without rancour and with statesmanlike impartiality is the simple truth. In all countries where traditions and long familiarity with, if not respect for, ancient institutions are deeply rooted in the people, the rash and ill-considered iconoclasm of Communism or advanced Socialism is bound to fail as a political campaign and its failure is bound to involve the nation in confusion worse confounded. What may succeed politically, if not economically, in Russia or in Cuba, can never succeed politically or economically in Spain and, *a fortiori*, in England. And this does not contradict the accepted view that whatever its traditions, whatever its temper, every nation in civilization, in the pass to which the world has been brought by vacillating governments and second-rate statesmen, is looking out for, and prepared to follow, a strong man if he can be found. It means no more than that that strong man must, in tradition-bound and order-loving countries, govern by constitutional means and continue to preserve the justice and liberties assured to all classes by the ancient constitutions whose wheels have grown clogged or rusty but not outworn, if he hopes to succeed. The immediate future of Spanish politics will therefore be watched in England with special and sympathetic interest.

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

—We are too apt to overrate the complexity of political tendencies. The post-War political history of Europe, the evolution towards various forms of democratic enfranchisement in the different States, have been unnecessarily complicated and elaborated by political historians. They are all capable of being linked to, identified with, and explained by the simplest nursery maxim. What is happening in many of the great nations is happening every day in small urban district councils in England. The cardinal principle of every socialistic movement is the same cardinal principle which guided events in France in 1789. It is as easily recognizable in your urban district as in Spain to-day or in France in 1789. Too long the lucky owner of the golden-egged goose kept all its output to himself. The neighbouring peasantry murmured and at length broke in and stole the goose, and being but geese themselves, instead of fairly controlling its output on principles of sanity and of justice for all, incontinently wrung its neck, and now scratch their heads over the puzzle of why there are no more golden eggs to divide among themselves. So, in microcosm, you may note the same reasoning in your local affairs. Through your own crass indifference or selfishness or short-sightedness, you have suffered the small tradesman to gain control in your local government. He is immensely tickled by the dignities and responsibilities of his new position. He is quite determined to carve his name on the monument of his local history by large, democratic reforms, and, since his tenure of office is uncertain, all must be achieved in a day. Every sandy lane shall be metalled, widened, and lamplit (to encourage the scorching motor cyclist); every byway shall bear a suburban placard and be allotted a high-sounding street name; there shall be a civic Lido, a public garden, a bandstand, there shall be car parks everywhere and so forth; and of course the idle rich of the locality shall pay for it all. So, without the least pretence of justice, the rating valuation of the houses of those once accounted rich is put up and the budget of forthcoming reforms is admirably balanced. And what happens? The golden goose ceases to lay. The so-called rich, unable to meet the smallest addition to their crippling burdens, leave their unsaleable houses empty and depart to cottages elsewhere, and the local authorities, so far from gaining an increase, lose the revenue of which they were assured. These things may be observed all over England and Europe wherever the mentality of the petty tradesman is influencing the evolution of political and economic life and thought. In little and in large, in local and in world politics, it is the same old nursery tale.

BAD TIMES FOR LAUNDRIES.

—All Italy in black shirts? It is a gloomy caption. From now on, all barristers, solicitors, dons, schoolmasters, and scholars in Italy must wear black shirts. Gradually the movement is to be extended till it is national. In Germany the shirts are brown; elsewhere the colours chosen are red, green, or blue, dark colours at that. This world-wide tendency is not solely a sudden world fashion for the wearing of uniform; it is surely in large part a reaction against a feature of post-War life with which the newspapers and the result of ever-improving communications have familiarized us to nausea—I refer to the regular habit among nations of washing their dirty linen in public. Here is the means to hand of ending it. If everybody wears a shirt of a colour which does not show the dirt, human nature and the cost of living will ensure that the washing of dirty shirts will gradually diminish to vanishing point. The washerwomen can put up their shutters and blow bubbles with their soapsuds. The honourable profession of the Duchess of Dantzic is as dead as that of the postilion and the running footman.

MISS S. JOHANNESSAN of the Iceland trawler *Geyser*, who acted with great bravery when the vessel was wrecked off Hoy Head, in the Orkneys. She is seen with members of the crew during a short stay in Aberdeen which preceded their return to Iceland

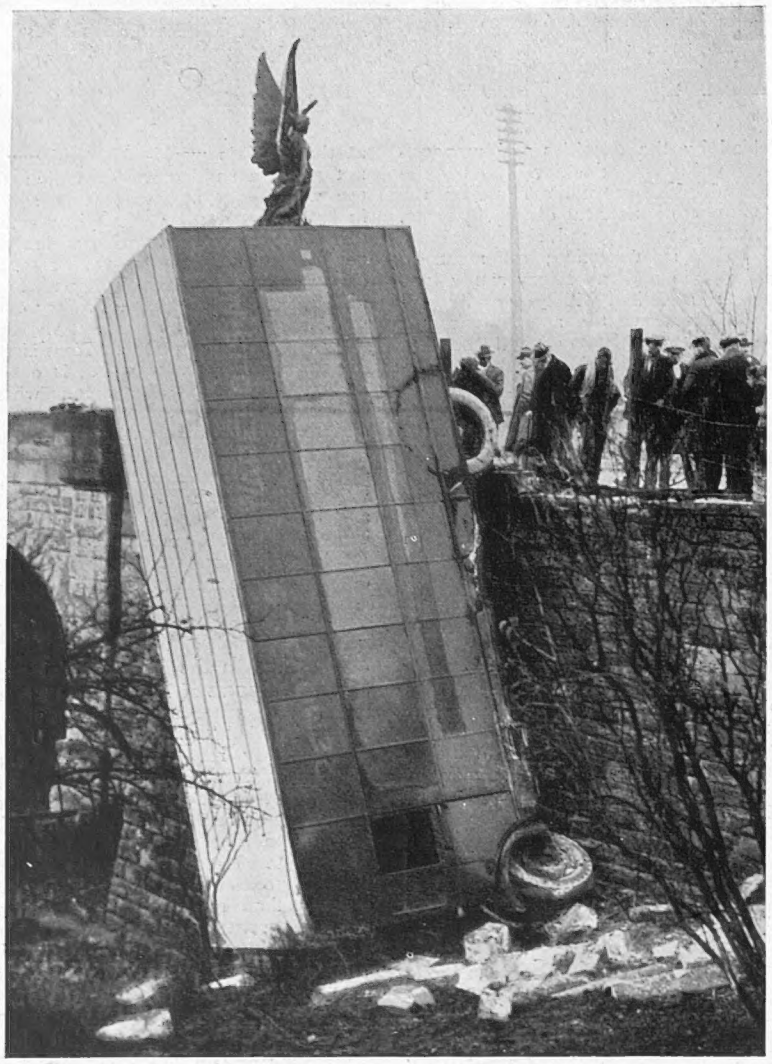
PARTRIDGES OR PHEASANTS?

—On the first editorial page of THE SPHERE of November 18 there appeared a jolly photograph of a shoot. It was labelled "The Partridge Under Fire." My responsibility for what appears in THE SPHERE each week is limited solely to the text of "The Newsletter," and even that is naturally subject to the blue pencil of the Editor. Nevertheless I am occasionally assailed by kindly critics who believe they have discovered an error in some caption or other statement or document in the paper. I am keen on shooting, and have indeed some experience of the sport. So let me respond to an anonymous critic who ridiculed the caption of this photograph. It shows a line of guns extended along a shallow valley, avenued on either side by plantations or scrub. The birds are being driven over the line from the right. The nameless critic ridicules the idea that the birds could possibly be partridges because No. 2 gun in the line is actually turned towards No. 1 gun, and both are firing the one over the other's head. Therefore, says he, the birds must be pheasants. Anyone familiar with shooting will see at a glance that the photograph is a perfectly good illustration of two experienced shots taking their toll of a covey which has risen high over the belt of wood and has passed high between these two guns, affording them a perfectly safe chance of shooting more or less "down the line," since each is firing almost perpendicularly into the sky. It is absurd to argue that the quarry could not for that reason be partridges.

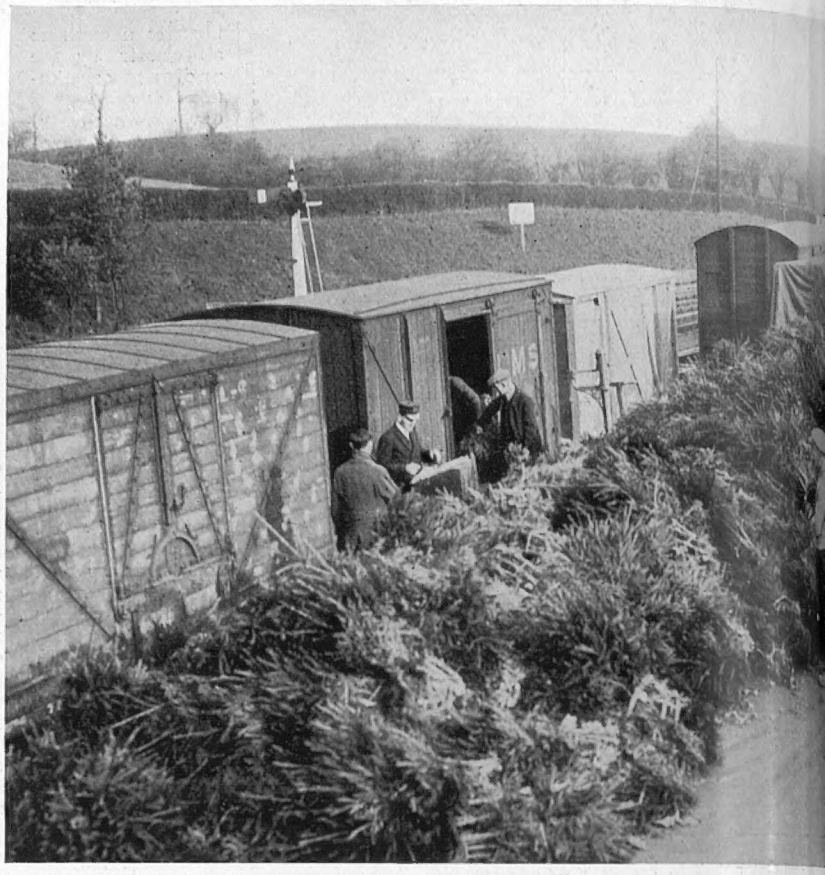
THE OLD STAGER

A COMING OF AGE: Prominent personalities who attended the dinner at the May Fair Hotel in celebration of the 21st anniversary of the establishment of the Central Flying School. Lord Trenchard, Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, and Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary for Air, will be recognized at the top table

HOME NEWS OF TH



A HIGH DIVE AND A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE: Neither the driver nor his mate were hurt when this heavily loaded van crashed over the parapet of Wetherby Bridge, Yorkshire. The war memorial is seen towering in the background



THE CHRISTMAS TREE TRAIN: Checking, weighing, and loading some of the young trees which are being despatched for the Christmas festivities from Grange Court Station in the Forest of Dean. Nearly a quarter-of-a-million of them are being sent to all parts of the country

DITCHED: The scene near the Horbling cross roads, Grantham, after a fully-loaded lorry had left the road and turned over on its side. The driver escaped with minor injuries. So serious has the toll of the road become that the Ministry of Transport have prepared and issued an elaborate census of the causes of accidents. The age and sex of drivers, the state of the roads, the mechanical condition of vehicles, and numerous facts which might have contributed to each mishap have been duly noted. Any new legislation affecting drivers will probably be based on the findings of this report

A NEW WAY OF KEEPING OFF THE DOLE: Beach stones are needed in the Potteries, so the unemployed of Sheringham, Norfolk, have started to gather them. They receive 6s. 6d. a ton, and have each basket-load weighed as they add their quota to the pile

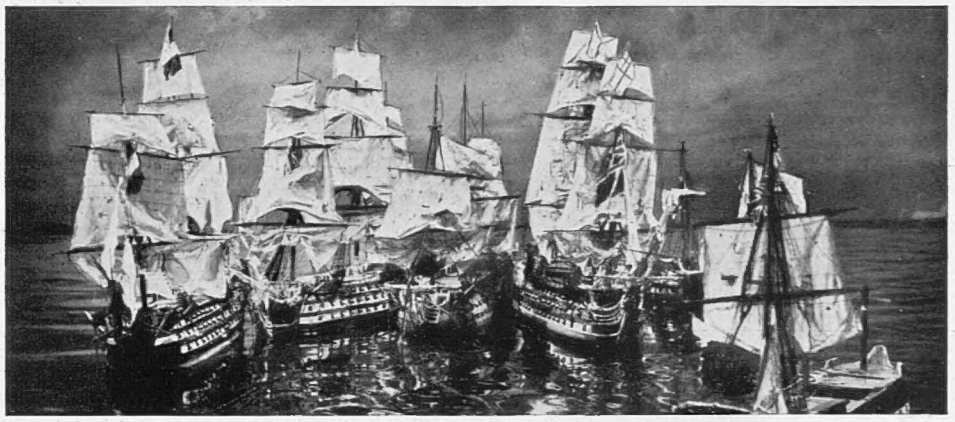
ACTIVITY AT WEMBLEY: Workmen excavating the wall foundations for the new Empire Pool which Sir Owen Williams is constructing in the old exhibition grounds. Over 30,000 tons of clay will be removed during the work

CAUGHT NAPPING: A silver-grey seal which was captured recently while sleeping on the rocks near Old Hartley, Northumberland

THE DANCE OF THE HOUR: ... during the making of a film a...

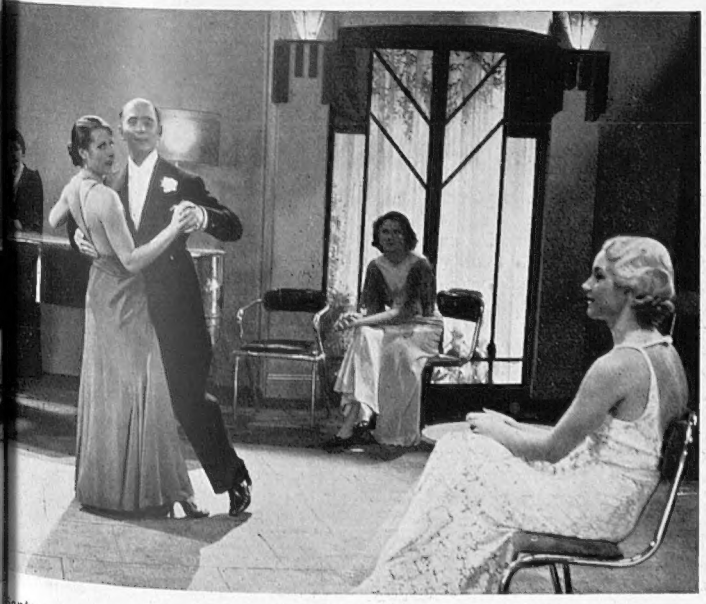
WEEK

SILHOUETTES AGAINST THE SKY: Members of the recently formed Reigate Borough Ladies' Athletic Club pose for the camera during a stiff climb on a recent afternoon run near Redhill, Surrey



TRAFALGAR RECONSTRUCTED: A scene from the prologue of the recently completed Gaumont-British film, *Jack Ahoy*, in which Mr. Jack Hulbert plays the leading rôle. The ships are small but exact models of those of the Nelsonian period

TION FROM NATURE: Signor Ugo Antoni, who has invented a new type of plane wing which he claims will enable flying machines to climb and alight in same manner as birds. He is seen with his model and with the original wing from which he designed it



antos Casani demonstrating the intricacies of the "Crawl Charleston" Pathé Studios. The dance has been introduced for the benefit of restaurants ooms where there is no space for rapid movement

AMONG THE MANNEQUINS: Prince George watching the dress parade which was a popular feature of the Industries Fair organized by the Hackney and Stoke Newington Chamber of Commerce

AMERICA'S COINAGE, the depreciation of which is arousing the concern and interest of the bankers of the world

THE ROOSEVELT EXPERIMENT

A Further Review of the President's Intricate Financial Policy

Ever since President Roosevelt began his dramatic bid to restore U.S. prosperity he has been faced with a host of difficulties created by those upon whose support he had hoped to be able to rely. His dollar policy has aroused more dissension than anything else he has attempted to put into practice. A few days ago Dr. Oliver Sprague resigned his post as Adviser to the Treasury, and emphasized in a letter to Mr. Roosevelt his belief that the present experiment threatened a complete breakdown of the Government's credit; Mr. James Warburg, who acted as financial adviser to the U.S. delegation at the World Economic Conference and who has been regarded as a member of the President's "Brain Trust," delivered another surprise attack at the same time Mr. Roosevelt, however, has made it known that he contemplates making no change in his present gold programme, although the resistance of his former colleagues, and of what has come to be known as the "sound money" group, is massing a considerable section of public opinion against him and causing a divergence of views which, irrespective of party, is splitting the country into two clearly-defined camps

The apparition of the commodity dollar is so strange and the beliefs of its sponsors so heterodox to the instinctive reasoning of English economists that further examination of the situation in the U.S.A. is necessary. Opinion on this side of the Atlantic looks askance at the adventurous manœuvres which these strange ideas necessitate. The underlying theory of the commodity dollar promoters is apparently based on the belief—one must make the presumption that the effort is an honest one—that the capitalist system has broken down chiefly from monetary causes. The idea that excessive materialism is responsible for the collapse is rejected. The people are entitled (these commodity dollar folk depone) to an abundance of amenities,

A VICTIM OF THE TIMES: The historic Washington jewellery firm of Galt and Bro., owned by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson (wife of America's War-time President) is going into liquidation, and the stock is being sold off at 25 per cent. discount. The business was established over 130 years ago

comforts, and even luxuries. It would be failure of Western civilization if those at present on the land were to be forced to lead a self-sufficient vegetable existence, and if they were to be joined by thousands of others fleeing from the towns. In that event, the world would revert to medievalism or Oriental stagnation. Not merely are the expert or fundamental views of Roosevelt's counsellors contrary to those of the majority of economists, but their opinions on issues of wider interest are often strikingly at variance with popularly-accepted judgment. While they differ as regards detail, as regards causes they are in entire agreement.

To begin with they affirm, contrary to popular belief, that the crisis is not the outcome of over-production, and present strong evidence in support of this statement. I regret that I have not space here even to summarize such evidence. But one interesting aspect of it must be noticed. The assertion is boldly made that recent mechanical developments did not increase production to any great extent, and this theme is elaborated in a not unconvincing way.

If the crisis is not due to over-production of commodities, then what is the cause of it? The cause of it, say Roosevelt's advisers, is insufficiency of gold (which is synonymous with money), not maldistribution of gold. This view, it may be remarked, is quite contrary to that of many authorities; the League of Nations, for example, declared emphatically that there was maldistribution, not insufficiency, of gold.

Roosevelt's advisers then proceed to a discussion of monetary matters in the following terms:—

Ever since 1834, excluding the period of the Civil War, the price of gold in the United States was legally fixed at 20·67 dollars for an ounce. This meant that one dollar weighed 23·22 grains of gold, and that 23·22 grains of gold were named a dollar.

The naming of the monetary unit has occasioned much confusion. Most people did not understand that "dollar" was merely a designation for a given amount of a commodity used as money, such commodity being gold. But although the Legislature could fix the price of gold, in other words name a defined weight of it as one dollar, it could not fix the value of gold. Unperceived by the majority of men, this value has fluctuated violently from time to time. In order to demonstrate the truth of this assertion it is necessary to discuss prices. Prices are the most important element in modern economics. Much research into them has been done, and much waits to be done.

Price is the ratio of two values: that of a given amount of a particular commodity to that of a given amount of any commodity used as money, that is a given amount of dollars, each containing a weight of 23·22 grains of gold.

It is erroneous to assume that price is determined by two variables only—supply and demand. Actually four variables are involved. A high price may be due to a limited supply of a commodity or to a large demand for it; or to a large supply of the commodity used as money as, for instance, gold; or to a limited demand for it; or to some combination of these variables. How in these circumstances is it possible to ascertain the true price or value of the dollar of 23·22 grains of gold?

There is no such thing as absolute value; all measurement is comparative. Gold, therefore, cannot be compared with a dollar; a dollar *is* gold. Gold must be compared with some commodity (or commodities) other than itself. Sometimes gold as represented by dollars buys more, sometimes buys less of a given commodity. Whether the value of gold has risen or fallen can only be definitely ascertained from a comparison not with one but with many commodities. Then if it is evident that gold will buy more commodities, the value of gold is high, while that of commodities is low; the reverse is true if gold buys fewer commodities. Comparison in fact has been made with a large number of commodities, and it has been found that the value of gold substantially increased, in other words the prices of commodities decreased. It could not be said that this cheapening was brought about because the supply of commodities was excessively large; on the contrary, the supply of commodities was very small. If commodities had been the determining factor, prices should have been high. But a contrary condition existed: prices were low. This clearly pointed to a diminution in the exchange value of gold. Hence the conclusion was justifiable that the stock of gold was insufficient to maintain the standard of living which it was considered the population was entitled to enjoy.

This statement will surprise many people who imagined that America had accumulated vast hordes of useless gold. They will be still more surprised to learn that many American economists, whose views are far more conservative than those of the present advisers of Mr. Roosevelt, are convinced that the gold stock of America is hardly sufficient to support her currency and credit needs.

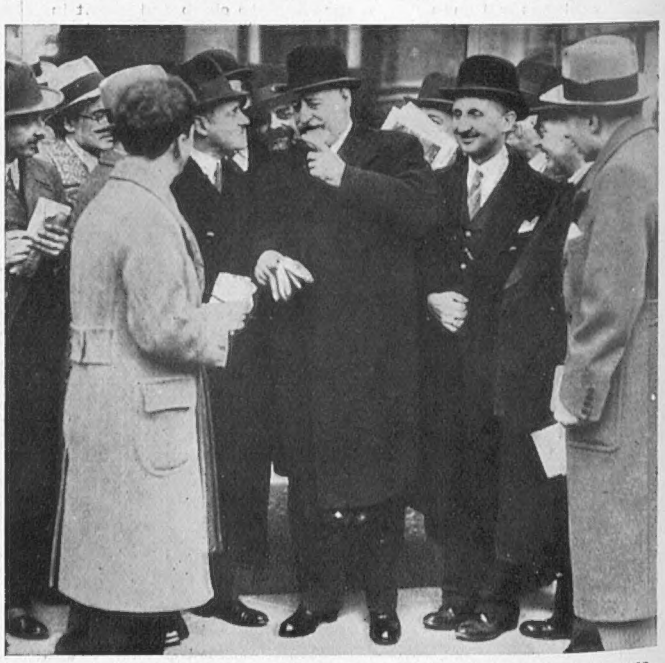
The measure which is being adopted in America to remedy the gold shortage and thus to raise prices consists in this: Gold is being bought by America for a constantly-increasing figure. This raises the monetary value of her gold reserves, and consequently enables the banking system to issue more currency and credit. Provided the population is able to make use of this flow of currency and credit, thus expanding the new money which becomes available, prices should progressively rise. Raising the price of gold means in effect taking some grains out of the dollar, which is only another name for a given weight of the commodity—gold. In a sense, the operation might be described as "splitting the dollar." With less gold in the dollar, it will be possible to have more dollars.

When a certain level of prices has been achieved it is hoped to stabilize the dollar. Subsequently, if prices rise above the chosen level as shown by an index number, the price of gold will be lowered, thereby increasing the number of grains in the dollar, and if prices fall below the chosen level the price of gold will be raised, thereby decreasing the number of grains in a dollar. Hence the commodity dollar will come into existence. We are now witnessing an attempt to prepare the way for the realization of this ideal.

The foregoing is a brief summary of the views of those who are responsible for the Roosevelt policy. The answer of their critics is that there is no essential link between the value of gold and that of other commodities. Commodities, they declare, are largely exchanged for money, and money in the modern world consists not of gold but of currency notes and bank deposits. Here it is of especial interest to observe that those who claim to be orthodox accuse Roosevelt's counsellors of heretical thinking on the ground that the monetary system is a managed one and that gold is already a monarch in exile. Whichever school is right it is clear that both are revolutionary in tendency.

Should success attend Roosevelt's efforts he will achieve great fame; for the existing method of measuring value is barbarous and does more to contribute to periodical social upheaval in the world than any other defect in our administrative system. It remains to be seen whether this attempt to find a solution will cure or worsen the present economic ills.

Lancelot Lawton



FRANCE ALSO IN THE THROES OF FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES: M. Fernand Bulsson and M. Camille Chautemps talking to members of the Press after the fall of the short-lived Sarraut Government. The Budget problem still remains unsolved

NEWFOUNDLAND to be CONTROLLED from WESTMINSTER

Britain to Rescue her from Financial Plight after Seventy-Eight Years of Self-Government

Scenes in the Country To-day

THE CAPITAL: A view of St. John's, Newfoundland, as it is to-day. As a rendezvous for fishermen it dates back to 1503, and since 1547 has undergone steady commercial expansion. It has a population of over 40,000, and for many years has been the centre of the political, commercial, and educational life of the country. The people are nearly all of British descent

A FERRYBOAT ENTERING ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR: Communication between the fishing villages and between Newfoundland and the mainland is excellent

LUMBERING IN NEWFOUNDLAND: The forests of the island come second in importance to the fisheries as a revenue producing factor and, thanks to British enterprise, an extensive paper-making industry has been established. Pine, spruce, fir, and birch are among the principal timbers

AN ANGLER'S PARADISE: Almost one-third of the surface area of the island is fresh water, where salmon and trout abound

SORTING THE MORNING'S CATCH: The greater part of Newfoundland's maritime population is engaged in the fishing industry. One of the principal and most profitable exports is cod

IN 1932: Crowds demonstrating outside the Parliament building before making an attack on Premier Squires

The Report of the Royal Commission which has been investigating the financial situation in Newfoundland suggests, and the suggestion has been officially adopted, that, owing to corruption and mismanagement, self-government, which has existed for seventy-eight years, shall be temporarily suspended. The country will probably be administered by a Governor and a joint Anglo-Newfoundland Commission of six which will be directly responsible to the Dominions Office. In return Britain will guarantee a 3 per cent. Conversion Loan to reduce the national debt. The report appears to have been well received in Newfoundland, and has the support of the present Government, which is generally believed to have done its best to cope with a situation for which its immediate predecessors were evidently largely responsible.

WATCHING THE TIDE TURN: Checking in the voters at the Spanish elections in which women were for the first time admitted to the franchise. The feminine influence caused a decided swing to the "Right" in favour of the anti-Socialist elements

THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS WIFE VOTE: Señor and Señora Azaña at one of the polling booths. The former secured a seat at Bilbao, but his party has almost disappeared

THE RADICAL LEADER AT THE POLLS: Señor Lerroux, "the Grand Old Man of the Republic," hands in his vote

A LONG-AWAITED MOMENT: One of the 8,000,000 women voters who exercised her new privilege. A very large percentage polled

ELECTION EXUBERANCE: Young Socialists shouting for their party outside one of the polling booths

THE NUNS' VOTE: The Catholic element did much to influence the fall of the Socialists

SEÑORA VOTES

Eight Million Women go to the Polls in Spain for the First Time

The elections in Spain are drawing to a close; an appeal to the ballot had proved inevitable. A series of Cabinet reconstructions was unavailing, and on October 9 President Zamora dissolved the Cortes after a life of two years, two months, and three weeks. The General Election was fixed for November 19.

The main issue, it was believed, was clear: whether Spain was to follow in the path of the nineteenth-century Republics, or whether the advanced Socialists were to set up a virtual dictatorship. It soon became obvious that the Socialist trend of the Constitution, the excesses and the break between Church and State, were most generally resented.

For the first time women went to the poll. The total number of electors was 15,000,000, of whom 8,000,000 were women. It was a foregone conclusion that they would vote for the "Right" parties; the majority are devout Catholics, and they bitterly oppose the anti-clerical laws of the Azaña Government.

There were 7,000 candidates of ninety-two different parties contesting 453 seats. The parties of the "Right" eventually co-operated on a common list of candidates and a common programme. This was the revision of the anti-clerical and Socialist legislation, a vigorous defence in the future Parliament of economic interests, and ample amnesty for political offenders. In 1931 the "Right" put forward thirty-nine candidates; this year they put forward 270.

The Socialist coalition block of 1931 split into various factions, the chief being the Azañists; the Radicals fought under Lerroux, the grand old man of the Republic; and a Fascist group was headed by the Marqués de Estella, the son of General Primo de Rivera.

Excitement throughout the eve of the poll and polling day was intense. There were riots in a number of places; eight people were killed, many were injured. Fires and shootings were not uncommon. Champagne cellars were bombed.

The end of it all was a big swing to the "Right." Spain has chosen a most complicated system of voting, and a number of places will be forced to have a second ballot. But it is already plain that the Government will be formed from the Right wing coalition. The Socialist strength will be less than half what it was before, while the Radicals will be hard put to it to muster a hundred, though they may eventually hold the balance of providing the Government with a working majority.

The chief party of the "Right" is the Accion Popular of which Señor Gil Robles is leader. He is Spain's "man of the hour." Thirty-two, an ex-University professor, he may turn out to be the man who will lead his country into Fascism. He founded his party two years ago and has enrolled already two million young men and women. The Italian and German brand of Fascism, he says, is unsuited to Spain, but his mind is working towards the creation of a Corporative State.

What agreement will he come to with the Marqués de Estella? He is the avowed Fascist leader. Mussolini is said to have given him his blessing, and certainly an autographed photograph of the Duce shares pride of place in his room with a framed copy of Kipling's "If." His supporters as yet are few; so much depends on whether Señor Robles will commit himself emphatically to the Republican ideal. But he hankers after coloured shirts. The Cortes meets on December 8, but this is merely the prologue — Spain cannot stand still. New men with vital personalities and virile ideas have forced their way into prominence.

Ronald Cartland

RACING BULLS

And Other Subjects of Bovine Interest

A WELL-DECORATED CHAMPION: A bull of the little Javanese island of Madura taking part in the procession before the annual races. These contests are held over a straight 100-metres course and arouse tremendous enthusiasm among the sport-loving people of the island. The honour of victory, rather than the reward, is the prime consideration of the owners

LOOKING ITS BEST: The various owners of the Maduran racing bulls vie with one another in the decoration of their cattle. This competitor has sheaths on its horns and a highly ornamented velvet head-piece and breastplate. During the racing these trappings are dispensed with, as they would hinder the speed of the bull

PREPARING A SPAN FOR THE CEREMONIAL MARCH PAST which precedes the day's racing at Madura. Saddles, embellished with spangles, throw into relief the glossy and well-tended hides of the bulls, while banners of variegated colours make the passing pageant one of amazing splendour

PRIMITIVE PLOUGHING

Oxen at work on a Spanish farm. Each has a decorative pad roped to the yoke

Another picture of yoked oxen at work. Their use in Middle Europe is still fairly extensive

IN RURAL AUSTRIA

EXCAVATING A NORTH AFRICAN "POMPEII"

New Finds in the Ruined Roman City of Timgad

THE ROMAN FORUM AT TIMGAD and (left background) the Arch of Trajan which was restored in 1900

Under the auspices of the French Government important excavation work is being carried out by the distinguished archæologist, Professor Godet, amid the ruins of the old Roman city of Timgad in the Department of Constantine, Algeria.

Timgad—the Thamugas of the Romans—was built between A.D. 100 and 117 at the order of the Emperor Trajan on the lower slopes of the northern side of the Aures Mountains and some seventeen miles from the military town of Lambessa. It became principally a residential resort for the wealthy Romans in North Africa, although in the early days it is known that a legion of Parthian veterans was stationed there. The city underwent many vicissitudes and at one time was destroyed by the Berbers, who were afraid of its being used as a stronghold from which to harry them. It was re-peopled, mostly by Christians, in the seventh century; but after the defeat of Gregorius, Governor of Africa, by the Arabs in 647, its importance appears to have declined rapidly.

In 1765, however, James Bruce, a distinguished traveller, visited the site and made accurate drawings of many of the monuments. He was followed, over a hundred years later, by Professor Masqueray, who wrote an account of the state of the ruins. Since 1881 Timgad has been extensively explored, and excavations have been successfully carried on by the Service des Monuments Historiques. Six churches, a ruined citadel of the sixth century, the Roman Forum and the Capitol, and the Arch of Trajan, have all been examined and reported on. The latest finds by Professor Godet are of considerable interest, and several graves have been discovered almost intact and containing a number of small ornaments. Another important find is a portion of a large-sized conduit which must have carried to the town a great proportion of the water required for the innumerable public baths. This possibly came from some remote spring, which is now almost certain to be extinct.

FOUND BY THE FRENCH EXPEDITION: A Roman grave adorned with a carving of a man and woman bearing offerings, but without inscription

THE GRAVE OF CANINIA EMERITA: A remarkably clear inscription brought to light during the present excavation work under Professor Godet. Many of the graves discovered are almost intact

A NEWLY EXCAVATED CONDUIT which must in Roman days have given Timgad a large percentage of its water. The present expedition has not discovered the source of supply

A ROMAN GRAVE showing the opening through which offerings to the dead were made. *Oval, right*—Professor Godet standing beside a recently unearthed cistern which was used for storing a part of Timgad's water supply

A FOREIGN SURVEY

CRICKET IN INDIA: Lieut.-Colonel Sir Ralph Edwin Hotchkin Griffith, K.C.S.I., Governor of the North-West Frontier Province, arriving with Lady Griffith and a friend at the Peshawar gym. ground to watch one of the first matches of the M.C.C. tour in India

AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Three members of the Canadian team which recently won the Westchester Challenge Cup at the Golden Jubilee of the American National Horse Show in New York. Left to right—Captain Bate with *Spats*, Captain L. D. Hammond with *Red Plume*, and Lieutenant W. M. Cleland with *Roxana*

AFTER BATTLE: A supporter of the Cuban President keeping guard on the shell-scarred roof of Fort Atares, Havana, after 1,500 revolutionaries had been forced to surrender the position

PARIS PREPARES FOR CHRISTMAS: These trees are planted every year along the banks of the Seine in order to allow of Parisians buying foliage for their Christmas decorations which will remain unwithered throughout the festivities

ICONOCLASTS IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL: The statue near the St. Augustin Church, honouring the French patriot poet, Paul Déroulède, was badly mutilated a few days ago. The head was broken off and the pedestal splashed with red colouring matter

ARMISTICE DAY IN NEW YORK: A guard of honour of the United States 16th Infantry from Governor's Island firing a volley during the service at the "Eternal Light" Memorial in Madison Square

OLD LONDON RE

At the Royal Photographic Society's

IN THE LONDON OF CHARLES DICKENS: Bridge House, George Row, Bermondsey, which provided the setting for a part of the famous author's novel, *Oliver Twist*

LONDON GRAPES: A flourishing vine on an outhouse in Odessa Street, Rotherhithe. It produced an excellent crop this year

A PICTURESQUE ARCH-WAY in Wardrobe Place, Carter Lane

The remarkable pictures on this page, which are now being exhibited by the Royal Photographic Society at 35, Russell Square, are the work of Mr. William Clark, a Birmingham business man who has made photography of this character his hobby. Some fifteen years ago Mr. Clark became so enthusiastic about the scenes described by Dickens that he determined to search through London and record them in pictures. The success of his endeavours is amply demonstrated here. These pictures must be accounted all the more creditable in that their creator lives in the Midlands, and his work could be done only at week-ends when time and weather permitted. During his wanderings Mr. Clark discovered many old-world haunts not recorded in Dickens, and here again he has brought to bear that same enthusiasm and ability which rank him as a photographer with a rare understanding of the potentialities of his art

IN ORMOND YARD, BLOOMSBURY

Galleried cottages of Dickensian days whose quiet charm is in strange contrast to the bustle of twentieth-century London

Right — LOOKING FROM AN ADELPHI GATEWAY: A country scene in the heart of London

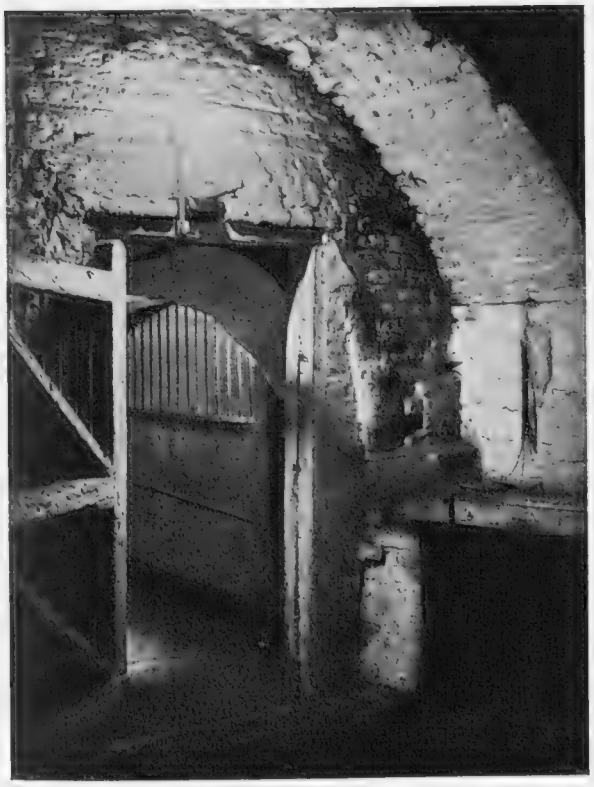
COBBLESTONES AND COTTAGES STREET: Rural charm in a part where warehouses

CORDED

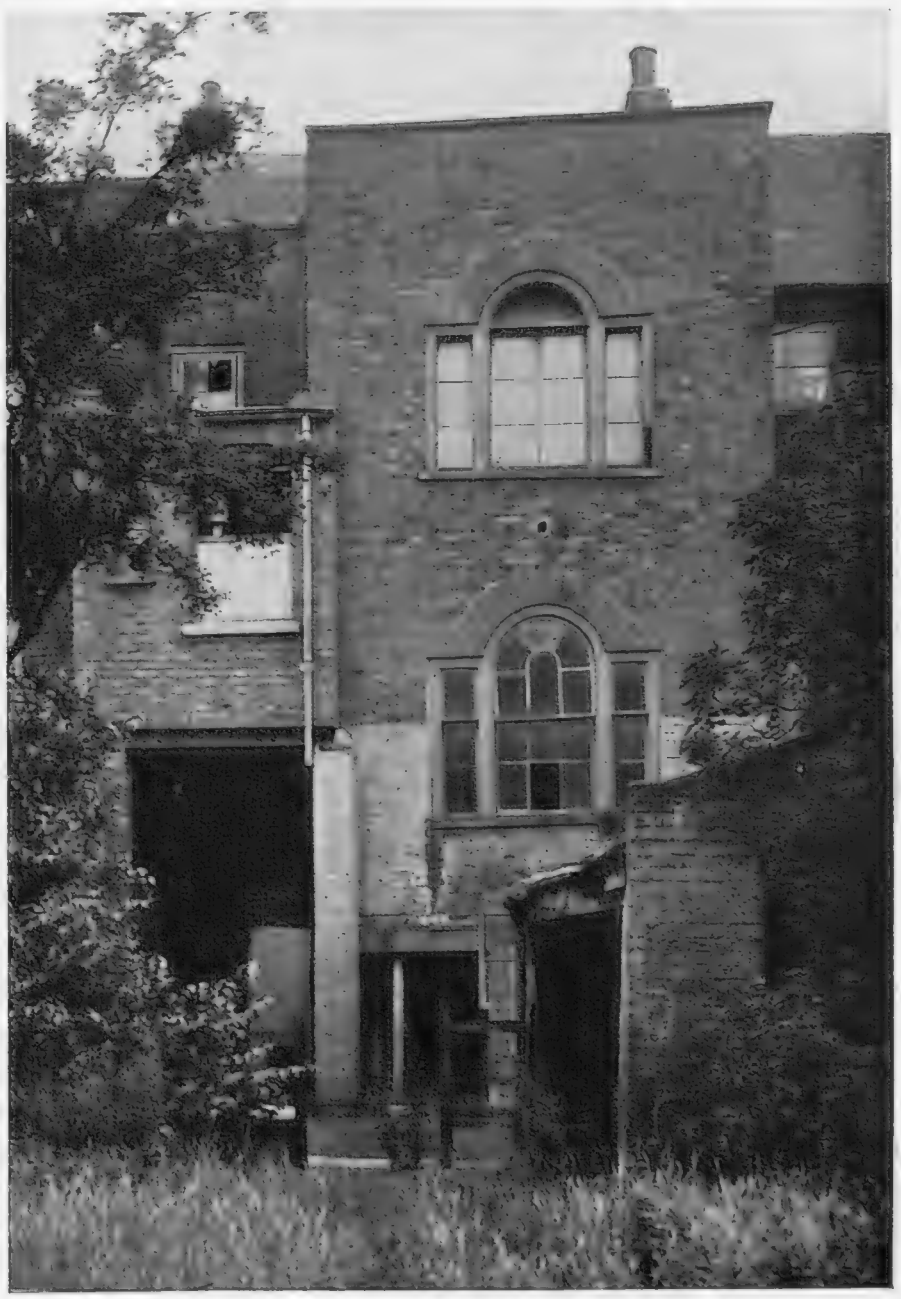
Exhibition

FRAGMENT OF A VANISHED CENTURY: An eighteenth-century grocer's shop at 56, Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate

IN TOOLEY
of London
abound



SIMON TAPPERTIT'S RETREAT: Underground stabling in Barbican referred to by Dickens in his novel, *Barnaby Rudge*



A rear view of Nelson's house in Albany Street, Deptford

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LONDON

THE FORTRESS

A VACANT PLOT: Some ninety feet below the ground enclosed by these hoardings are the strong rooms of the Banque de France containing several hundreds of millions of pounds in gold bars. A new bank building is to be erected on the site above

France is losing her gold. She has lost £30,000,000 —more now—since the end of September. But what is that? She still has £1,000,000,000 left. In reddish and yellowish bars and coins we once knew. All of this is not in the Banque de France. Some of it is secreted in provincial centres. I don't profess to know exactly where—my subject this week is surrounded by hush-hush—but a guess could be Lyon, Bordeaux, though I hardly think Marseilles. Or perhaps the metal has been part put in improbable places: Dijon, Tours. It makes no odds. The vast bulk of the treasure, the greatest the world has ever known, lies less than half-a-mile from the Place de l'Opéra.

Wars are waged on gold which, as by far the most negotiable token, assumes dictatorial potency once the guns start popping off—or the bombs falling, or the fires raging, or the gas choking. Of course, that is the principal reason France has amassed this astounding treasure—primarily as a potential war-chest. It isn't all French; agreed. But the person who can tell me the percentage that is foreign—I should like to meet. One of the major secrets, that. Extremes of opinion vary between a minimum of 12 per cent. foreign and a maximum of 40 per cent. But the question is redundant here. All we have to know is that an Aladdin's cave of 1933 lies 'neath the very heart of Paris and that it has got to be protected these times—*et comment!*—not only from possible aerial onslaught that might lay bare the vaults, under the terrific explosive power now carried, but from conceivable revolutionary action within the country itself. You should bear in mind that lots of the French are extremely annoyed because so very little of their money is actually in circulation; the Finance Minister the other day estimated £625,000,000 to be privately "théaurisé" which presumably does not include bank deposits and the immense sums put by all and sundry in the national *Caisse* via the Post Office. There have been French Revolutions and there may be again, when the mob might find a new Place de la Bastille in the Place de l'Or. And curiously enough it is a Place—under which this incredible wealth lies. Not so as you'd notice it. Tens of thousands of Parisians pass by a vacant lot behind the Banque each day without giving a thought. But that's it. Perhaps 2½ acres which you will never see built over, and which has hoardings all round advising: Défense d'Afficher. Underneath that plot, to be exact, 30 yards underneath, lies £1,000,000,000 gold. The solitary thing that might attract attention, if you looked down from an adjacent window, as I did the other day, is a peace-time air system, rows of white chimneys piercing the surface and through which air is drawn below, ship-wise. For peace use only.

EN GARDE: A gendarme standing beside the massive gateway leading into the Banque de France

VENTILATING THE SUBTERRANEAN GOLD STRONGHOLD: These white air system which naturally would be of no value in time

The last two shocks the directors of the Banque experienced were in 1914 and 1918 respectively. On September 4 of the former year a Uhlan patrol reached Lagny, eight miles from Paris; there is a stone to mark the spot. M. Poincaré had led the Government away to Bordeaux, and the derelict directors saw their gold passing into German hands, such as could not be evacuated in time. That made the directors think. Did the enemy only enter Paris for the shortest while—a few days, prior to being driven out again, as he was out of other cities, such as Amiens, at that same period—the gold would have none the less been seized and taken back to Germany. Shock No. 2 eventuated when Big Bertha began shelling Paris on March 23, 1918. No one knew what on earth was happening. Some new form of attack. On that occasion the entire personnel did, in fact, descend underground to carry on their jobs. But only seven yards underground.

To-day they can go down nearly four-and-a-half times that. And carry on their jobs. Not for a day or two, either, as supervened at the Bertha false alarm. But for two whole months and over. It is an extraordinary tale. But why not? In this mechanical age of marvels French engineers can be pretty hot stuff. Here they were placed on their mettle—the *Génie* of the Army aiding—and they have succeeded in evolving a refuge well worthy of the times. They could go leisurely. They set to work back in 1925, and cost was a secondary matter. In that year over 1,000 workmen began excavating a veritable underground fortress 100 ft. below the surface, a subterranean stronghold which, it is claimed, can hold out as a world apart for between seventy and eighty days no matter what happens above ground. A rebellion might be quashed in that time or an invading army driven off. All the time, whilst the scrapping was going on, the business of the Banque would proceed according to plan in the bowels of the earth. If, after two months and more, Paris were still in hostile or revolutionary hands . . . but that is going too fast.

Let us see just what would happen to-morrow if the alarm sounded.

Hundreds of clerks, cashiers, secretaries, stenographers, messengers, functionaries are at work, besides managers and experts and directors. Everyone knows exactly what to do—there has been rehearsal. All employees who are handling cash and bonds and securities or any other kind of papers of value, together with bank-books and ledgers, place their quota in recesses in the wall from which the collection slides down tubes to the stronghold far below. The work of a very short while—though it is not to be supposed that plenty of notice would not have been given this vital institution of impending danger. For example, arrangements have been made for the more priceless art treasures to be rushed—really rushed—to the Banque from all over the city: jewellery, manuscripts, paintings, sculpture, and it would take time for these to arrive. Nor would all the personnel go below, a certain number only having been seeded for the siege. Such as do not leave the precincts, however, uniformly proceed in one and the same direction, there being but a solitary entrance to the fortress of gold eight floors underground—by "floors" is really meant a succession of landings as one descends. Lifts are also in operation, but not for all. And here let me mention something that will show you the ingenuity with which our friends the engineers have functioned:

Supposing a uniquely lucky bomb not only hit the Banque but actually pierced the roof right above the steel shaft leading down into the vaults. No such chance is possible, for there is no such shaft;

OF GOLD: The Banque de France—Where the Vast Bulk of the Greatest Treasure in the World is Hidden in Subterranean Depths, and where Elaborate Preparations have been Made for Housing the Bank Personnel in Case of a National or International Emergency

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

the descent has been made zigzag. You have to change lifts three or four times, while it is the same with the stairway. Any lucky bomb would come to an end quite high up. It would never get anywhere near the beginning of the last "lift" which takes you finally down in an enormous metal tube. As for the bomb piercing anywhere else, it would encounter rock—all above and around the fortress is rock. No, it isn't bombs that are most feared. However:

The whole personnel is now streaming below in perfect order, chiefly men. They have yet to enter the treasure cave. And only three officials have the means. One of their number operates occultly and a solid steel door, said to weigh 10,000 kilos and as thick as a man, swings open. Ahead is a narrow passage in the centre of which is a revolving steel turret. The staff can only enter in single file, enabling closest scrutiny to be made, since a traitor within the gates would be too terrible. When all are in, the directors and military guard bringing up the rear, the massive door is swung to again. But that is not the whole in the way of keeping assailants

himneys constitute the peace-time f emergency

at bay. The *clou* is yet to come. A steel block as high as Carnera and many times as thick is driven by an electric motor forward to the turret where, on a lever being pulled, it interlocks, bolting the passage. This block would have to be hewn through as well as the outer door. The staff of the Banque de France is now sundered from the outside world. And it prepares straightaway to resume work in keeping with strict orders. No bustle or excitement or chatter. Rather: on with this fellow's overdraft. . .

The siege has begun.

Perhaps a couple of hundred are to stand it. They all have their desks and quarters in austere partitioned surroundings, the walls being of metal painted white. There is much glass; it is not unlike a bank. But a bank with dormitories and a laundry and a restaurant and wardrobe facilities and social rooms and special arrangements for the attenuated feminine element. And no doubt there would be gramophones there, too, since radio interception might be interfered with at that depth, and two months of cramped underground siege can be a long time, particularly if nerves began to go as blasting or mining drew nearer. At any rate, directorial wireless touch could be maintained with outside by a secret channel of relaying; the importance of the connection being obvious. For the balance, ample stores would have been laid up at first sign of storm. In fact, as might have been expected, "the culinary side has not been neglected." There is an ultra-modern kitchen run by Diesel and chefs would be in attendance. The kitchen is situated in what is known as "the factory," a very vital section because other Diesel engines are there to pump in air and provide light. This brings me to geological conditions, and to perils other than the assaulting of the doors or bombing—blasting and drilling from above, for example, and poison gas discharged downwards, together with the possible cutting off of the water and air supplies. All, apparently, have been successfully tackled for a two months' siege.

The Banque is remarkably lucky in its surrounding element which happens to be rock, 30 yards of which would have to be traversed ere the strong rooms were reached. Nor is it ordinary rock, but rock through which water is eternally filtering, so much so that the *Génie* can find no explosive to demolish it in anything like the time taken in mining in the War. It is a case of water, water everywhere, and, accordingly, lots of it to drink—down below. Actually, the incessant moisture is such that the subterranean fortress has had to be surrounded by a thick cement wall treated with impermeable material.

In regard to all-important air inlet, hundreds of conduits are hidden away in the masonry. This is one of the most jealously-guarded secrets: just where those ventilators are to be found. Even if some of them were traced, however, they have been fashioned in zigzag so that anything in the way of grenades dropped into them would not fetch up—or rather down. And if gas were tried, there is an apparatus for reversing the current and sending back the fumes, Nevertheless, I understand that gas does represent the chief peril, and not only have special detecting gadgets been fashioned, but there would be a permanent gas patrol in the galleries.

And so there they are, the besieged ones, in suitably conditioned temperature and—at any rate—enjoying a calm and quiet as no other Parisians of their time or generation.

Not a thing overlooked. Inasmuch as heat is both generated and used in the "usine," rendering possible an explosion or a fire, a thick layer of the dripping rock has been left between "the factory" and the fortress proper.

And what about the gold all this time? You can walk down corridors (when open) and see it stacked in pyramid almost to the ceiling on either side; the rich glow of red from the Rand and yellower stuff from elsewhere. Ten years since I've seen it, but it has merely been added to since . . . slightly added to. Nothing separates you from it but wire netting. Some people, I have been told, go weak at the knees contemplating it. The French, probably, because one does often read about "la mystique de l'or." Upon me, it had the effect of being something vaguely disturbing . . . Chamber of Horrors when a boy.

What precisely happens should the two months-and-a-bit run out without the fortress being reduced? How should the surrender be organized? What about the treasure? Or supposing gas begins to enter during the siege or the walls begin to crack ominously under explosive charges? What about the personnel? That is the greatest secret of the lot—how the retreat takes place. Only three people are said to know the exit. But it should not have been difficult to construct a tunnel all these years, coming out, say, somewhere on the Seine, quite near.

Anyone who has seen the sewers that honeycomb the earth under Paris can picture the possibilities of an escape in this manner. Stranger things, even, than that the exit tunnel should lead into a sewer, these being perfectly navigable on foot. Not only that, but the gold might continue to repose snugly after the staff had been compelled to beat a retreat. You can't gas gold.

THE HALL OF GOLD

A view of the magnificently decorated and furnished gallery in the Banque de France

HAY'S WHARF FROM LONDON BRIDGE: Where the great cargo vessels arrive to unload their produce

LONDON'S LARDER

Hay's Wharf—the Vast Thames-side Organization which Handles Our Overseas Food Supplies

By CHARLES GRAVES

If you know anybody who is a Little Englander—if that phrase is not out of date—you should try and get permission for him or her to visit the south side of the Thames. It was not until I went to Hay's Wharf this last week that I realized just how much food is brought into this country, and what an appalling menace the submarines must have been during the War. One realized it, of course, when our food was rationed; but, as I say, the almost appalling extent to which we are dependent on the importation of food from other countries was never fully driven home to me before. It used to be said that if we were completely blockaded we would eat up all our foodstuffs within six weeks. I can now well believe it.

Hay's Wharf is the largest and most up-to-date privately-controlled wharf, or series of wharves, in the world. It extends from Cannon Street railway bridge, past London Bridge to Tower Bridge—nearly three-quarters of a mile in all. There are 200 large cranes. The area of the buildings alone is something like twenty acres, and many of the buildings have four or five floors. Up to seventy years ago Hay's Wharf signified only a warehouse with a storage for general merchandise. To-day it has several subsidiary companies handling the cartage, lighterage, and so on. Incidentally, nobody knows who the original Hay was.

The very first bridge across the Thames was a wooden structure erected about A.D. 996 as a protection for the upper reaches. The southern end of it would have been in the middle of Hay's Wharf. There is a little passage to this day running out towards the water-front called English Ground—a name that dates back to the days when the Danes were here.

It is really only in the last sixty years that Hay's Wharf has become so vast an organization. Half a century ago, when Mr. Oswald Magniac joined the firm, there was only one horse to do the cartage. To-day Hay's Wharf is run by three families—the Magniacs, the Humphreys, and the Smiths. There are no fewer than six managing directors, and they hold board meetings of necessity every day. Their warehouses have a floor area of more than 3,000,000 sq. ft. There are quays which can berth and discharge twelve steamers simultaneously, and, apart from the steamers sailing regularly between Hay's Wharves and the principal European countries and Nova Scotia, the Azores, and the Great Lakes, an appreciable amount of cargo arrives by barges from the lower reaches of the river.

Wharfingers, I discovered, neither own nor sell anything. All they do is to handle merchandise and, if necessary, make it marketable. Coffee, for example, arrives in the husk, which is known as "parchment," and is cleaned and made into the finished coffee bean for departure. There are vast cold stores in addition in which butter is kept, and cool stores in which eggs and cheese are kept. About 3,000 men are employed, and sometimes the work continues all night. It may be caviare in 4-lb. jars, or Dutch bulbs, or dried fruits, or tea, coffee, or anything else you can think of.

The day I was there I saw the *Cano* from Valencia landing the first of the season's oranges; the *Gondul* from Sweden landing bacon and paper; the *Baltanic* from Riga with bacon and eggs; the *Margrethe* from Copenhagen with bacon and condensed milk; the *Baltonia* from Reval with bacon and ply-wood; the *Hontestroom* from Amsterdam with bulbs, eggs, butter, poultry, and Christmas trees; and a Russian, the *Copperatzia*, from Leningrad with butter, fruit pulp, resin, and turpentine (the crew included several women I was told). But come with me on a tour of the warehouses. The first things we see are large boxes of Almeria grapes from Spain. They have already been sold in advance by auction in Pudding Lane. Nearby is the first season's crop of Greek currants; 1,550 tons of them arrived on the *Ariosto*. There is also the sour smell of sultanas in good time for the Christmas trade. Then there is gum damar used for varnish. It comes from the Malay States in sacks with a green line on them. Nearby is ply-wood from the Baltic, and cases of senna pods (doubtless also for Christmas) from Mombasa. More gum from New Zealand is piled near sacks of African ginger. Barrels of capers (which look like nasturtium seeds) are parked beside them. Baskets of butter beans from Madagascar are cheek by jowl with match-sticks from the Baltic, canned peas from Italy, and glazed tiles from Spain. Apricot pulp in cans, and more butter beans confront you a few yards farther on. Our guide tells us that all sorts of strange things are found in the gum when it is bulked for the market.

THE NEW OFFICE BUILDINGS OF HAY'S WHARF which have been built on the site formerly occupied by St. Olave's Church

Meantime there is a tremendous clatter of hand-trolleys on which the crates of oranges are being borne away from the Spanish ship. All this is on the ground floor of a single warehouse. Then we go up by a lift to a storage-room and see thousands of square boxes of Australian butter and long boxes of Swedish eggs. On the floor above, where the temperature is 33 deg., are hundreds of boxes of Chinese, Canadian, and Australian eggs. The Australian eggs, you notice, are packed in cartons, while the Chinese eggs are packed in rice husk. Up again to another room where the temperature is only 10 deg., and you see boxes of New Zealand butter with a fern leaf on them, and Australian butter with the kangaroo trade mark. There are also thousands of Polish chickens. "Who eats those?" the guide is asked. His reply is a gem of cynicism. "Have you never eaten a Surrey chicken in a smart restaurant?" he asks rhetorically. In the same storage-room at the far end are barrels of Latvian butter in the cask. It is as hard as a cannon ball. There is also Swedish bacon.

Leaving the storage-room we walk over a small open-air private bridge across Pickle Herring Street. Men are pushing trolleys about beneath us as energetically as swarming bees. All along the little bridge are sacks of various spices. Cinnamon bark from Columbia—long, semi-tubular stuff; pale cassia bark from China; the strawberry-red African chillis which can be converted into tear gas in war time and to which rats are more partial even than to cheese (this is one of the mysteries of all wharves). There is white pepper from Singapore and black pepper too. There are chocolate-coloured African cloves, the genuine apple-dumpling clove in fact; real ginger-root looking like thin, twisted potatoes, from the Niger; the auburn dust, which is grass tree gum and which is an essential part of linoleum; chunks of what looks like solid glazed suet and is really copal gum from the Malayan Archipelago; frankincense from Arabia, which gives out a heavy odour and is in fact transparent chunks of fossilized resin; and the dark amber gum from Persia which is myrrh—all stand there in mute testimony of our ocean-going supremacy.

Yes, it is fascinating to find in a comparatively small area the exotic products of far-away countries all safely stored by the banks of old Father Thames. Almonds from Spain; figs from Smyrna; sugared plums and walnuts, prunes and raisins, and all the other dried fruits which are being got ready for Christmas; Spanish chestnuts; apples from Nova Scotia—there they all are. Once upon a time lemons were available only for a few weeks in the year. Faulkner Channer, the superintendent and chief stevedore of one of the wharves belonging to Hay's Wharf, talks to us about this. "Nowadays we get almost everything all the year round," he says. "I can remember the time when coffee was available only four months in the year. Yes, nowadays you can get almost everything all the year round."

It took one of the directors no less than six weeks to go round Hay's Wharf when he joined the firm ten years ago. We are trying to do it in three hours, so we have only a momentary glimpse of the dozens of girls who are selecting the coffee beans and casting out each blemished bean. We have a hurried walk through great rooms where

(*Continued on p.* 378)

PRODUCE FROM THE LEVANT: Handling a cargo of currants at Hay's Wharf

IN AND AROUND LONDON

AN ECCLESIASTICAL JIG-SAW: St. Andrew's Church, Marylebone, which has been taken down piece by piece, is now being re-erected at Kingsbury. The task of putting the stonework back in its original form will take about twelve months. In this picture an expert is seen piecing together the beautiful reredos

TAKING DOWN THE GREAT CROSS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, which is to be re-hung in another part of the edifice as it hides some remarkable mosaic work. The cross, which weighs over two tons, had previously been in the same position for thirty years

PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES: Mr. Julian Wylie, the theatrical producer, watching artists putting the finishing touches to the scenery for *Cinderella* at the Stoll Studio, Cricklewood

LEARNING THEIR LONDON: Members of the school for taxi-drivers at Paddington setting out on their bicycles to learn the names of the innumerable streets with which they have to be acquainted

BRIDGE-BUILDING EXTRAORDINARY OVER

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT IN MODERN TRANSPORT: Barges carrying into position the enormous load of the central span of the new bridge at Muiden. Such a feat could be accomplished only amid the low-lying country of Holland and on a canal where there were no obstructions on either side

A MASTERPIECE IN CONCRETE: The Hengeler Bridge, which has recently been completed over the site of the new Twenthe Canal. All the bridges shown on this page are part of a great national scheme for improving Holland's highways which, until recently, have been quite inadequate to meet the needs of the country. Thousands of men have been kept in employment, and many industries have benefited from the work

A DIFFICULT TASK skill and cour

R THE WATERWAYS OF HOLLAND: New Methods for Special Problems

DRIVING PILES BY THE NEW FRANKI SYSTEM during the construction of the great new bridge over the River Waal at Nijmegen. This system, which has been perfected by a Belgian engineer, makes it possible to drive concrete piles in parts of a river bed where formerly a proper foundation could not be secured without considerable loss of time and increased expenditure

HOLLAND STILL PICTURESQUE IN SPITE OF INNOVATIONS: Fisherfolk in the Dutch National costume. *Right*—One of the spans of Hengeler Bridge in course of construction

T TASK FOR THE TUGS: The central span of the Keizersveer bridge being transported to its emplacement. When the water is choppy this work requires tremendous d courage, as the slightest misunderstanding between the tug masters might easily lead to tragedy. An article by Roy Elston on the bridge-building operations now being pushed forward by the Dutch Government appears on the next page

THE NEW TRANEBERG CONCRETE ARCH BRIDGE AT STOCKHOLM, which will connect the Swedish capital with the rapidly-developing suburb of Bromma. A large proportion of the residents have their daily work in the business quarters of the city, and up to now their only means of communication has been by way of a pontoon bridge. In addition to a roadway the new structure will carry two lines of suburban railway traffic

TO CONNECT THE DANISH MAINLAND WITH THE ISLAND OF FUENEN: A view of the completed arches of an important new bridge. Ocean-going steamers will pass beneath the central spans

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE OVER SYDNEY'S BRIDGE: Those living across the harbour in the suburb of North Sydney can now go by road or by electric train straight into the heart of the city. Formerly passengers were compelled to make the latter part of their journey by ferry—a means of transit which each year became noticeably more inadequate

BRIDGE-BUILDING EXTRAORDINARY

Holland's Vast and Far-seeing Plan to Modernize Her Present System of Road Communications

By ROY ELSTON

I desired an interview with Chief Engineer Director van der Steur, one of the high officials of the Dutch Ministry of Waterstaat, which is equivalent to our Office of Works. Discovering the Ministry buildings tucked away in a brown and mossy corner of the Binnenhof—that simple and yet wholly appropriate quadrangle of Government buildings at The Hague—I presented my card at the porter's box. A minute later, with that quiet Dutch informality which is so much more sensible than the childish complications of routine common to most of our Ministerial offices, Chief Engineer Director van der Steur received me in a big, barish room the walls of which were covered with maps, plans, tables of specifications, architects' drawings, and framed photographs of some of the world's most famous bridges.

And the thought flashed through my mind at that moment: "No wonder this is a successful little nation! It doesn't make a fuss. In the same easy manner with which this busy official receives me, and proceeds to answer with pleasant courtesy and patience questions which, in many cases, must show me up as a very ignorant fellow, he and his colleagues are throwing great concrete and steel bridges over every river and canal in the country!" It is a fact that if you do not run about to see for yourself what these people are doing, you will hardly know anything about it.

"You are building bridges, sir."

"Well, yes, among other things."

Among other things! The other things, I suppose, are such as turning the Zuider Zee into a sweetwater lake; protecting great green polders against the fury of the North Sea; adding thousands of square acres to the map of Holland. The true defence force of Holland is not the army, but the country's engineers. Indeed, they are not only defensive, but offensive as well. They attack as frequently as they defend.

In spite of the "other things," there is nothing incidental about the bridge-building campaign upon which the Rijk has embarked. It is an enormous and far-sighted plan, designed completely to modernize the Dutch system of road communications. A glance at any road map of Holland will show how necessary improved communications are to this country, and the tremendous difficulties involved in achieving that improvement. If, for example, you wish to go from the south to the north of Holland, you must cross an incredible number of waterways, including, near the official division of north from south, three substantial rivers—the Maas, the Waal, and the Nederrijn—which cut through the land from east to west, and one other river, the Ijssel, running out of the Ijsselmeer to join the Rhine at Arnhem.

The result has been, in the past, a very limited number of north to south highways, always congested, and, in sections, involving for the traveller by road a kind of switchback career over endless little humped bridges of an earlier century, and frequently long waits at a ferry station. The modern needs of traffic and the national necessity for swift communications, coupled with the engineering genius of the Dutch people and the need to find work for idle hands to do, are altering all this. Monumental bridges which must take their place among the finest in Europe are superseding ferries and old-fashioned pontoon bridges, and at this moment some twelve important bridges to facilitate the north-south traffic, and costing about 46,000,000 guldens, are either in course of construction or are projected.

"We grow and we build," said a professor of the great Engineering School at Delft. "We are growers by instinct and builders by the virtue of necessity. We dare not stop building, crisis or no crisis. It is the only way to preserve our territory, our industries, and even our lives." That is rather a dramatic way of putting it; but there really is something dramatic about the engineering works of the Dutch people; and this springing up of bridges everywhere, in solid white concrete, or high-flung, lightly-poised steel, alongside seventeenth-century windmills and little drawbridges as old as anyone can remember, has a distinctly dramatic and satisfying influence upon the observer. Just now Holland offers the engineer a kind of exhibition of all the most modern bridge-building methods.

Built since 1930 or now in course of construction under the direct supervision of the State department are seventeen bridges, all of major importance, many of them strikingly beautiful and involving features of the utmost interest to engineers all over the world. Those seventeen bridges are costing the State an estimated sum running to nearly 60,000,000 guldens.

(Continued on p. 378)

A STRIKING QUARTET

Women in the Limelight

COUNTESS ANDREAS BETHLEN, the Hungarian writer and publicist, who is sponsoring a new weekly journal in English which will shortly make its appearance in Budapest

LADY CHURSTON, formerly Miss Betty Du Pré, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Du Pré of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield. She was married early in January at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER, the charming daughter of Miss Gladys Cooper. The latter is appearing in *Acropolis*, which began its run at the Lyric last week

JOAN GARDNER, the young actress who is playing in *Gay Divorce*—the Fred Astaire success which is drawing London to the Palace Theatre. Miss Gardner is rapidly making a name for herself in British films

FATAL BEAUVAIS: The wreckage of the French mail 'plane which recently crashed in flames into the yard of a tapestry factory at Beauvais. The pilot and the wireless officer, the only two occupants of the machine, made successful parachute descents

AN IMPORTANT INNOVATION IN A ROYAL DUTCH AIR LINER: This machine, which arrived at Croydon a few days ago, is fitted with landing gear which can be drawn up into the undercarriage while in flight, thus further reducing wind resistance. It is capable of a speed of 154 m.p.h.

A FLYING BATTLESHIP: The three-motored hydroplane equipped with three machine guns which has recently been completed and delivered to the French Government. It has 880-h.p. Gnome Rhone engines, a speed of 255 kilometres per hour, and a range of 1,800 kilometres. There are sleeping berths for a crew of six

YET ANOTHER STEP: The *Arethusa*, the first Imperial Airways liner to operate on the new London-Rangoon service, being welcomed by enthusiastic crowds on arrival at Rangoon Aerodrome

MISHAPS IN THE AIR

And Other Current Flying Matters

Flying news for the months of September and October seemed to be mainly a record of crashes and escapes from blazing planes. November too seems to be fated to carry on the ill news. Within a week or ten days an R.A.F. troop carrier crashed in Palestine, two Air France aeroplanes carrying mails fell on a carpet factory at Beauvais, two Egyptians crashed and were burnt to death with the loss of two 'planes, and the brand new Soviet 128-passenger, all-metal, "all-in-wing" *K.7* met with disaster near the Kharkov works taking a toll of fourteen lives. And the reasons? Only for the Air France and Egyptian crashes can any satisfactory ones be put forward. In the former, they were a faulty engine and a forced landing, and in the latter fog is blamed. Faulty engines and forced landings are troublesome things certainly, but the pilots of both these machines escaped by parachute. Fog ruined the Egyptians. Why it should have been allowed to I do not know. In these days meteorological services and the equipment of military 'planes are so good that fog dangers are at a minimum. And there was really no reason for the squadron of ten Avro 626's to set out for Egypt on that fog-ridden day. British troop carriers waiting to start were forbidden to do so until better weather conditions obtained, and there can be no doubt that the over-eagerness of the Egyptian start jeopardized these unfortunate pilots from the outset.

For the accident to the Vickers Victoria troop carrier in Palestine no reason is likely to be made known to the public. Which is a pity. There obviously is a reason and a good one. But the Court of Inquiry will be held, and that will be the end of it. It seems to me that the public has a right to *know* the reason why one of the soundest-built machines in the R.A.F. should suddenly catapult its burden to injury and death. Is it perhaps because the R.A.F. is so cramped by the wretched stranglehold policy of the Government that they dare not spend a penny more than is absolutely necessary on the re-equipping and keeping up to date of their machines?

As for the largest landplane in the world, Russia's *K.7*, the old story of sabotage is trotted out, since the machine is alleged to have passed twenty experimental tests. Sabotage—perhaps one needn't say any more. I would, however, draw a parallel between this dreadful disaster, in which Soviet aviation was deprived of five more of its leading brains, and the mishandling of the British Airship *R. 101*. I have no doubt that there was here the same lack of elementary precautions and the same tempting of Providence in adjusting a huge and completely new structure to the air, which problems and conditions we can by no means say that we have solved or become completely acquainted with.

The R.A.F.—The best result of the North Sea Navy and Air Exercises held in September was unquestionably the focusing of public attention upon the Navy's lamentable shortage of aircraft, and as an obvious sequel to that the pertinent examination of the parlous state of Britain's air strength as a whole. Now we all know that Britain is worse equipped than any other Great Power. In 1923, according to the Government's plan of building up a Home Defence Force, fifty-two squadrons (including non-regulars) were considered "the minimum consistent with security." To-day, ten years later, when the state of Europe is more dangerous than ever it was from 1910–1914, we are ten squadrons short of that quite inadequate programme. And that in face of the obvious conclusion that the outbreak of another war will at once advance the youngest of the services to the position of first in importance with which the two older services must co-operate.

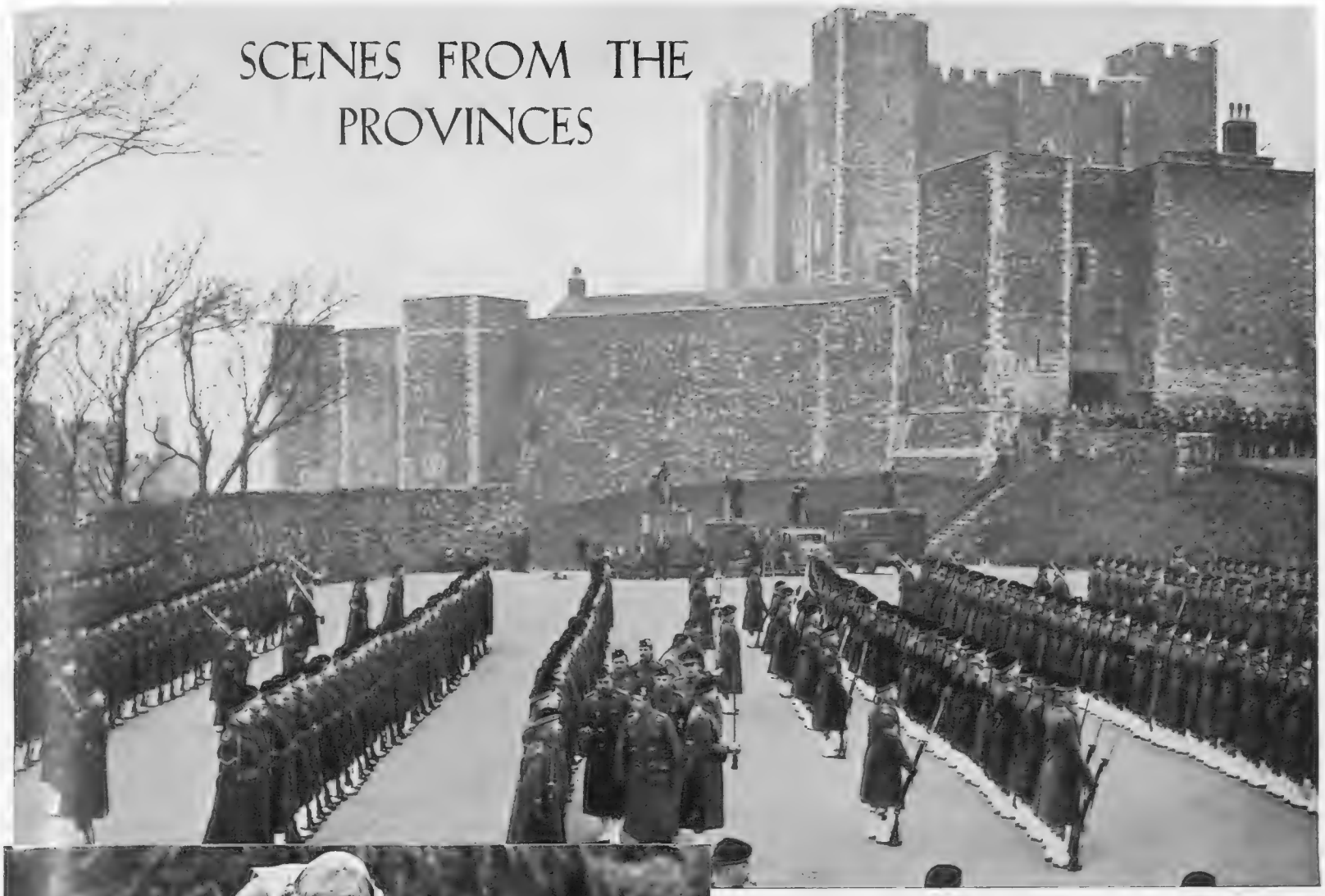
On November 8, twenty-six French military Potez biplanes started on a 15,500-mile formation flight over French Equatorial Africa under the command of General Vuillemin. Weather conditions were more favourable than those experienced by the Balbo flight, and Gao was reached on the 14th. As at the start of the Italian Armada, accidents occurred. One machine was wrecked at Los Alcazares and another was damaged at Rabat—from the same cause apparently, of landings being made out of wind.

At Los Alcazares the three machines which had been sent on to see to refuelling facilities, joined the formation which had arrived in two groups. The twenty-eight machines then proceeded without further mishaps.

The French disclaim any intention of a "stunt" flight, stating that the object is purely utilitarian in that the machines will have to fly for more than a month on their own merits, deprived of hangars and spare parts. Publicity was naturally given to the flight since other countries have a habit of boosting their Air Forces; yet of our own Air Force, which polices 1,000,000 sq. miles of the earth's surface and flies 25,000,000 miles a year, we scarcely hear anything at all.

Granville Conway

SCENES FROM THE PROVINCES

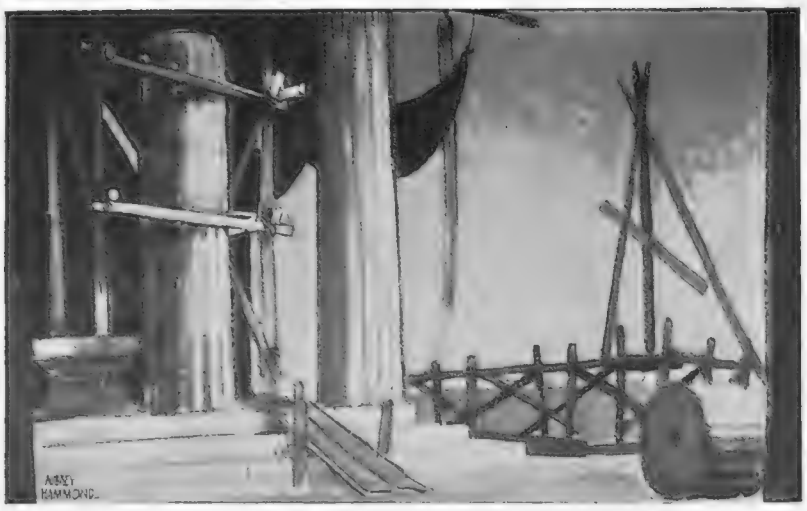


THE PRINCE'S FAREWELL TO HIS HIGHLANDERS: A general view of the scene in the grounds of Dover Castle as H.R.H., in his capacity as Colonel-in-Chief, inspected the 1st Battalion of the Seaforths. They are shortly proceeding on foreign service

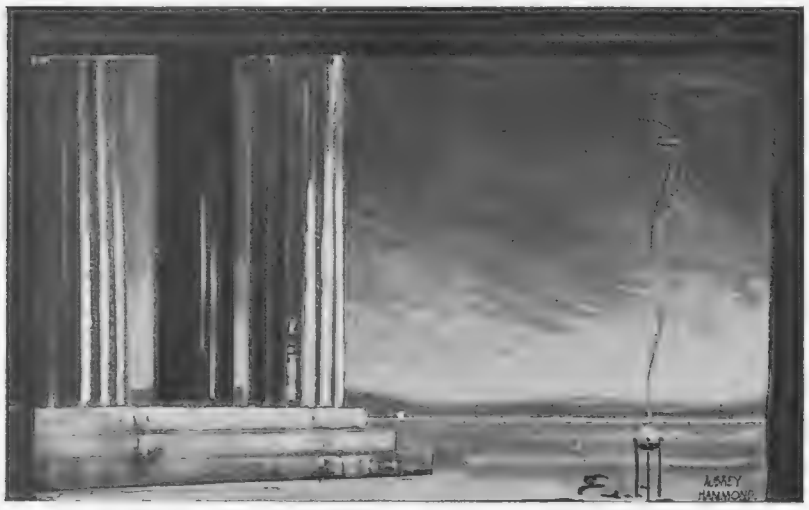
A TRIPLE EVENT ON A SCOTTISH FARM: Early lambs made their appearance at Wester Clunie Farm, near Newburgh, Fife, when triplets were born to this Dorset ewe. All are thriving in spite of wintry conditions

SOME EARLY ARRIVALS: These twin lambs were born on a Northumberland farm during a recent hailstorm. They are naturally not too pleased with their cold reception. Both this picture and that above depict exceptional instances of early lambing, as the season does not really begin until January

A POTENTIAL RECORD-BREAKER: Workmen pouring molten lead into the mould during the casting of the keel-plate at Gosport of Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's yacht, *Endeavour*. She will probably be a challenger for the elusive America's Cup



AUBREY HAMMOND'S SCENERY FOR "ACROPOLIS," R. E. Sherwood's new play at the Lyric which depicts life in the Athens of Pericles. The leading motif is the Parthenon and Mr. Hammond shows in the first act the great temple in course of erection



THE FINAL SCENE IN "ACROPOLIS": Serene and beautiful, the completed Parthenon rises proudly above Athens, but threatened by the troops of Sparta surging below

"HAY FEVER" AT THE SHAFTESBURY: Simon, David, Judith, and Sorel Bliss (played by Louis Hayward, Eric Cowley, Constance Collier, and Helen Spencer) in the breakfast scene in the last act of the successful Noel Coward revival

PLAYS and FILMS of

Mr. Cyril Maude Demonstrates his Never-Waning Artistry in "Cabbages and Kings": "That's a Pretty Thing" at Daly's — Mr. Peter Haddon and Mr. Stanley Lupino Provide Delightful Entertainment: "Acropolis" — A Play of Considerable Intellectual Force

By PHILIP PAGE

One day, perhaps, some dramatist will put in a play an aged village priest who is a consummate villain. I have seen at least a score of these characters, all of them lovable saints, and, in the words of W. S. Gilbert, "so confoundedly politeful." The late Mr. J. D. Beveridge, an actor of charm and ripe experience, created quite a corner in them.

Mr. Cyril Maude, who made an ideal old man when he was quite a young one, proves at seventy that his hand has not lost its cunning. In his long stage career he has shown us such diverse veterans as Lord Ogleby, Captain Barley in *Beauty and the Barge*, Sir Peter Teazle, and Grumpy. Now he adds to the collection Don Geronimo, the principal character in an ingenuous little play, *Cabbages and Kings*, produced at the Ambassadors Theatre. If there is plenty of Mr. Maude in all these boys of the old brigade, who would have it otherwise? And if this Don Geronimo might at one time have been an officer in the Brigade of Guards, the charm is there, none the less.

Cabbages and Kings belongs to the "fragrant" department of the dramatic emporium. It has been translated from the Italian of Signor Forzano in somewhat flat-footed fashion. We are spared conscious whimsicality (whimsicality, by the way, has just received a set-back through an excessively whimsical production last week, running two nights only, which is all I propose to say about the late, but not lamented, *Will You Play With Me?* at the Little Theatre). There is only a rather whimsical bird named Bianca, which, save that Mr. Maude did not, when he brought it down to the footlights at the end of the play, ask of the audience, "Do you believe in cockerels?" was almost as much of a nuisance as Macconochie and Tinker Bell.

I found it rather difficult to believe in Don Geronimo, though he was, of course, an old darling. He was the priest—the period is 1804—of a tiny village in the Italian mountains, a local Father O'Flynn, with a good taste in vintages and commonsense views about convents. His flock adored him. Their adoration took a more emphatic form when some soldiers arrived with the news that the old man was the great-uncle of the Emperor Napoleon who wished him to leave the little village and to go into the great world to be made a cardinal. They wanted to go with him, not wholly out of affection, but because they expected jobs in his household.

From that great world came a couple of sly rogues with offers of graft. At least one of the soldiers behaved as soldiers are wont to behave in villages where pretty girls are to be found. Altogether, there was such a row and such a pother that Don Geronimo decided to disobey his august grand-nephew's command and remain in the village to end his days as a humble priest.

The story certainly has prettiness, and the play furnishes good entertainment on the whole. But there are scenes which are not really necessary, and out-of-place expressions such as "If only the Emperor had chosen a different line of business!" which was an unfortunate choice for bringing down the curtain on Act II.

Mr. Cyril Maude was cheery, perplexed, bustling, managing, and everything else which goes to make the comedy of the play, on which it chiefly depends. Yet this play might have had a deeper quality had some touch of quiet saintliness been infused into the character. This Don Geronimo was a worldly (though not wicked) old man, and would have been out of that village in less than no time at the first smell of a cardinal's hat. Still, it was an admirable performance. Mr. Randle Ayrton made a real and highly unpleasant figure of a sinister monk, and Mr. Hugh Miller, who played a grafting lawyer, is a young actor of whom we can expect much.

Miss Eva Moore showed what a good comedienne can do with a part that is mostly fussy and irrelevant talk, and Miss Aileen Marson looked so adorably pretty "with her golden hair a-hanging down her back" that I marvel that any of our *ingénues* have bobbed or shingled themselves out of a naturally girlish appearance.

"That's a Pretty Thing."—To approach a new musical comedy with a certain degree of trepidation—one shouldn't, but I always do—and to find in ten minutes that one is laughing like a schoolboy at his first pantomime, is an experience as novel as it is pleasant. My thanks, therefore, to Mr. Peter Haddon, who presents *That's a Pretty Thing* at Daly's Theatre, and to Mr. Stanley Lupino who has written it.

Little need be said of the story beyond that it is a muddle about stolen necklaces which most of the cast keep on putting into safes or taking them out, and that it serves as a peg for some wild merriment.

This is, of course, musical farce rather than musical comedy; but it escapes all the faults of most musical plays, the chief faults being pretentiousness, dullness, vapid sentimentality, and over-much chorus-dancing to the blare of beastly brass. I am plagued with all four of these in ninety per cent. of the musical entertainments I conscientiously endure. *That's a Pretty Thing* is likely not only to put money into the pockets of those concerned, but to show others how the maximum of entertainment can be given at a minimum of expense and in quite simple fashion.

Moreover, the fun-making is spread fairly evenly over the company, and the team work is good. It cannot be said of this, as is said of certain other musical plays, "Oh, yes, it's really rather dull, but of course Miss So-and-so is simply *mahvlous!*" or, "No, it's not bad, but I daren't think of it without Mr. Something-or-other!" Such plays, by the way, are rarely successful, mainly because Miss So-and-so and Mr. Something-or-other (Miss So-and-so is the more frequent offender) refuse to let anyone else of the same cast, least of all anyone else of the same sex, have a chance to do anything at all. They prefer a short run with themselves shining in solitary magnificence to a long run to which everyone contributes.

DON GERONIMO: Cyril Maude, who makes a welcome return to the London stage in *Cabbages and Kings* at the Ambassadors. He is seen here in the part of the country-loving village pastor with "Bianca"—his favourite Leghorn cockerel

LIFE IN AN AMERICAN REFORM SCHOOL: Frankie Darro (foreground) as the young ne'er-do-well of the streets in *The Mayor of Hell*—a dramatic picture, starring James Cagney, which has recently been showing at the Regal. The boys are standing round the bedside of one of their comrades who has died as a result of harsh treatment from the Governor of the Institution

the MOMENT

Which is selfish of them and rather silly.

I would much prefer Mr. George Gee to remain in the cast of *That's a Pretty Thing*, because he plays his part to perfection and amuses me as a buffoon of irresistible imbecility. But I do not think the play would come to an end with a jerk if he left it. The same may be said of Mr. Jerry Verno, Mr. Bobbie Comber, and Mr. Peter Haddon, all first-rate in their several ways.

The ladies are not so much to the fore. Although Miss Sara Allgood is a fine actress who can plumb the depths of poignant tragedy, she takes part in the fun with a will and I do not suppose she minds being connected with this merry romp. Miss Nancy Burne has a few things to learn, but she will probably learn them and is a pleasant little person.

Most of the play is just knock-about stuff, but it is first-rate of its kind, and it is an important kind. The music is bright and there is not too much of it.

"Acropolis."—Mr. Robert Sherwood, a dramatist of distinction, has a liking for expressing certain views on modern politics in the terms of classical Greece or Rome. I do not suggest that this is his chief occupation in *Acropolis*, a play of remarkable subtlety and intellectual force, which has just been produced at the Lyric Theatre. But the intention is there, even if in England in A.D. 1933 the position is exactly the reverse, politically speaking, of that in Athens in the golden days of Pericles. As Mr. Sherwood is an American, however, there is no reason why he should worry about English politics, and in any case the point need not be pressed.

The theme of *Acropolis* is the clash between those who wish to make Athens beautiful and a place to be remembered for all time as a city of artists, poets, and philosophers, and those who wish to make her safe and to let posterity look after itself. That is, in effect, the whole play, which is singularly static, is devoid of love interest, and is on tha account likely to be devoid also of popular appeal.

Yet there are few plays which Londoners have seen of late of greater nobility and sheer intellectual force; neither its nobility nor its thought are in the least stodgy, and there are plenty of light passages though they deal with serious subjects. It was both national indignation at an affront to a distinguished American, and a detestation of sheer stupidity, that made many of us writhe on the first night when some nit-wits in the gallery shouted "Rubbish" at the fall of the curtain.

Now those galleryites have a perfect right not to like this or any other play. But whatever *Acropolis* is or is not, it is most certainly not "rubbish." If an opinion must be expressed vocally in the presence of the actors, let the dissentients say, "We don't like it," or "We don't understand it" (most unlikely, that remark), or almost any comment than "rubbish" on a play that has more sense packed into it than any that has been produced for a month of Sundays and more.

In *Acropolis* we find Athens at the turning-point of her history. The greatest of her citizens, led by Pericles, who is not seen at all, are intellectuals and hedonists. The ranting demagogue is Cleon, who has, however, the gumption to see that militaristic Sparta is ready to pounce, and that, if an anachronism may be permitted, the Athenian powder must be kept dry.

Curious that, though hard and fast analogy is not possible, it is your ranting demagogue of to-day who heads the peace party and not the war party. Cleon's point is proved, for Sparta, helped by the plague, is victorious, and the enemy has not been defeated by fine statues and cultured discussions, helped with wine, women, and song, in the house of Aspasia.

But his justification is only superficial. Throughout the play the Parthenon keeps on growing, a sort of "ole man river" of the period, and it exists to-day for the world to wonder at and adore. And though Pheidias, the sculptor, is condemned to death, it is his name and the names of his associates in the peace party which are immortal. Sparta and Spartans have meant nothing for 2,000 years and will continue to mean nothing.

The production, apart from Mr. Hammond's scenery and Mr. O'Neill's music, is not without faults. It moves too slowly and there is a lamentable lack of consistency in the pronunciation of the proper names—a pronunciation usually most improper.

Miss Gladys Cooper made a lovely and dignified Aspasia; Miss Jane Baxter, in the only other female part of any consequence, dropped her voice at the end of every sentence into a refined but inaudible undertone; Mr. Raymond Massey, in high indignation and a false nose, made Cleon interesting, and Mr. Anthony Bushell made that attractive personality, Alcibiades, quite negligible. Mr. Hugh E. Wright's Socrates was rather too humble for the stalwart, snub-nosed master of disputation. Whether the Pheidias (pronounced, alas, "Fiddius") of Mr. Ian Hunter and the Aristophanes of Mr. Denys Blake Kloch are authentic pictures I do not pretend to know. But the stage was always brighter for their presence.

A STAGE WITHIN A STAGE: *Afterwards*, the new Walter Hackett play at the Whitehall Theatre, opens with an amusing back stage scene at a suburban music-hall. Gordon Harker on the left is acting as assistant to La Salle, played by Ronald Squire. Marion Lorne is another assistant

AN ADEPT WITH THE PROPS: Marion Lorne has some very amusing business in the opening scenes in *Afterwards* at the Whitehall Theatre

A THRILLING MOMENT: The heroine of *Afterwards* has journeyed in La Salle's company to the St. Leon's house in Sussex. To the bewilderment of everyone she falls into a real trance, revealing a dangerous plot

"CABBAGES AND KINGS": In Forzano's entertaining comedy there is a particularly compelling scene in which the old pastor, Don Geronimo, is confronted by three evilly-disposed persons who typify the dangers which will assail him if he goes to Paris as a cardinal. Mr. Randle Ayrton is particularly good as a monk of dubious character

LADY WENTWORTH with one of her Champion Arabs at the Crabbet Park Stud, Sussex

THE HORSE OF THE DESERT

Among the Sussex Hills—A Visit to One of the Finest Arab Studs in the World

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

Imagine a Queen Anne house, lovely and lonely in its park, standing on a grassy terrace and gazing with a pleasant eighteenth-century beauty over a chain of heron-haunted lakes, to the blue shoulder of a Sussex hill.

And at the back of this house, and about it, you must imagine paddocks neatly fenced, stables neatly thatched, each paddock adorned by enormous, bee-lazy oaks and chestnuts. And in the paddocks the most magnificent horses that you, or I, or anyone else ever saw. Horses with large and luminous eyes, with flowing manes, with coats like satin and tails like the blown spume of a whitened sea. I think, indeed, that theirs must be the most ancient thoroughbred blood in the world. Neither Manchu nor Maharajah can claim so long a tale of pure and careful breeding.

And to-day in a Sussex park, on an ancient estate administered by a woman, you will find the finest Arab stud in the world, a collection of horseflesh worth anything up to a quarter of a million—if the millionaire is there to pay it—and which cost nearly a million to collect. There is not a horse-breeder in the world who has not heard of the Crabbet Park Stud, or of its owner, Lady Wentworth, but not one person in the world knows the story of how this stud was got together. There, if you like, is romance. But before I tell the story, let me remark that every thoroughbred sire in the history of English racing goes back eventually to Arab stock. The Arab is the dominant strain, the streak of genius that wins Derbys, the touch of blood that sends the price up. The Godolphin Arabian, the Byerley Turk, the Darley Arabian, the Alcock Arabian, and the Markham Arab—these horses are the aristocratic forefathers of every good-looking thing on four legs at Newmarket, Doncaster, and Epsom.

Speed, stamina, and beauty of line and conformation—these are the marks of the Arab. He transmits them through untold generations. Lady Wentworth has computed that some of our Derby cracks go back through no less than several million repeats to the original Arab blood. There is something for the biologists to think about.

To narrow the thing down to hard facts, it is actual truth that every English thoroughbred goes back originally to four Arab sires and a number of Oriental mares. The foundation sires were the Darley, Godolphin, and Alcock Arabians, and the Byerley Turk. They came, like the best of their blood, from the parched and torrid regions of the heart of the Kingdom of Nejd. They have always been long-priced. Even in 1735 the "intolerable price" of the "right Arabian horses" was between £500 and £3,000—equal to more than double our money to-day. In France, in 1782, the Pompadour Stud paid no less than £3,194 for three Arab horses. To-day some of the Crabbet Arabs fetch prices far beyond these figures. That is because it is the only large stud possessing the true pure blood. Napoleon and Lord Roberts both rode white Arab stallions. "*Un bon étalon Arabe est le meilleur cheval du monde.*" The world's best General called him the world's best horse.

To-day, in Arabia, the true Arab breed is rapidly dying out. This is because, during the last three-quarters of a century, the country has been swept by wars and tribal feuds. The old horse-breeding families have been "on the run." Tribes have been broken up. The ever increasing desiccation of Arabia has driven the horses northwards until on the desert borderland they have interbred with the local Syrian stock and have become hopelessly contaminated.

It was a lucky thing for England and the horseflesh of the world when the late Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Lady Anne Blunt, and the late Ralph Earl of Lovelace, went out to Arabia together in the middle of last century. They travelled, slept, ate, and rode with the Arabs. They roasted coffee over camp fires at night, and listened to the crooning songs of the "rebab" players beneath the desert stars. They saw the desert dawns blaze over the ragged rims of a world, austere and ruthless, unchanged since the days of King Solomon. They became blood brethren of the nomads who lived for horse and spear. They wore Arab dress. And with them went, on their later travels, a small and curly-haired girl, with a dog-rose complexion and the lambent eyes of a poet. This small child, with the hair that caught the desert sun, was Anne Judith Dorothea Blunt, the present Lady Wentworth, head of the Wentworth family, and one of the few peeresses in her own right.

Wilfrid Blunt, that intangible, untameable poet and scholar, firebrand and genius, who "scorned consistency," alternately preaching sedition and tradition, who was at heart the most conservative of British sportsmen, travelled the world riding on every variety of horse, and brought back the finest, rarest Arab stock he could lay his hands on, having convinced himself that it possessed merits of the highest order.

"It seemed to me," he said, "something of a miracle that in those arid regions there should have survived through the ages a thing of such perfect beauty, of such exquisite symmetry, yet of such hard and enduring merits as the Arabian horse."

The man who was born an idealist and a rebel even as he was born a great country gentleman was also a born horseman—trained to the saddle by the gauchos of South America. His quick eye and unerring judgment made him appreciate the value of quality in horses as well as in art and literature. A hard rider to hounds he also knew the value of strength, and it is to his lasting credit that he and Lady Anne Blunt left us this remarkable evidence of their combined enterprise in the Crabbet Stud. To her especially we owe the survival in England of those valuable horse-breeding traditions of the East which combine so well with our British soil and climate.

She kept invaluable records of every kind and was the best Arabic scholar of her day. The natives now make pilgrimages to her tomb in Egypt.

To-day the stud is administered solely by Lady Wentworth. She incurred her autocratic father's lasting displeasure because she could never share his anti-Imperialist political views, and (unfortunately for family peace) never sympathized with the revolutionary activities from which indeed she suffered severely.

But though she did not inherit Wilfrid Blunt's politics, she did inherit from both sides of the family the innate fascination and facility for games, sport, and love of the horses among which she was born. She probably knows more about horseflesh and certainly about breeding than any woman alive. The produce of one of her horses alone has supplied forty-seven champions in the show ring.

(Continued on p. 378)

CRABBET PARK: Lady Wentworth's delightful Queen Anne home in the Sussex hills

THE BEAUTY OF THE ARAB: An intelligent champion of the show ring

ANIMALS IN ACTION

o

Drawings and Models by Aline Ellis now on Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street

o

On right — **PYRAMUS JUMPS : A charming impression of a lamb gambolling**

THE NEW FOREST PONY

A study in sturdiness typical of the wild ponies of Hampshire

The colt tries out the legs that are too long for him

THE STILTED WALK

CART HORSE RESTING

The farmer's willing helper — a model in pottery

A pleasing equine study modelled in pottery

THE SKEWBALD PONY

"RED WAGON"

Scenes from the Film which is to be Shown to the Prince of Wales

AN OPEN-AIR SHOT: Paul Graetz (right) as Maxie Schultz, the old circus proprietor. This film, which from all accounts is one of the best that has so far emanated from British International Pictures, is based on the successful novel by Lady Eleanor Smith

THE STAR: Raquel Torres as Sheba, the circus owner's gipsy wife. After completing her work in the film Miss Torres went to America, but she has promised to return by December 6, when the *première* is to be held at the Regal in aid of the Prince of Wales's Builder Fund of Toc H

THE CIRCUS ARENA: A striking scene which will create for film audiences the atmosphere of the sawdust ring

THE CIRCUS PROPRIETOR: Another picture of Paul Graetz in the part of Maxie Schultz. He is a former pupil of Reinhardt

DEFYING TRADITION: Joe Prince (Charles Bickford) and his gipsy wife, Sheba, whom he marries in spite of the opposition of the circus folk

The Film Synopsis

Circus First was Joe Prince's rule in life from the moment they tattooed the motto on his tiny arm. In far-away Thompsonville, U.S.A., in the year 1896, he was born to the life of Cowboy Charlie's Circus, and to the excitement, pathos, and tragedy of its struggling little community. On the very night that his young parents had proudly branded him as of the circus, the miners of Thompsonville had surged angrily upon the clan of Cowboy Charlie. In the desolation that followed Joe Prince, aged six, passed to the unmerciful care of the elephant-keeper's wife—his parents were dead. Through the arduous years which passed for his youth he stoutly carried the burdens of a man. Neither the beatings of Mrs. Cronk, nor the later brutalities of the orphan school could eradicate the inborn urge towards the freedom of the open road, the glamour of the sawdust ring. From the moment he was "taken on" by the Maxie Schultz Circus, his enthusiasm never flagged. The big top, the caravans, the red wagon of the boss, the animals, and in particular the horses held him captive. Joe Prince made progress. From a small riding act he rose to the status of "equestrian director," and when Maxie Schultz breathed his last, Joe Prince realized his great ambition to own a circus.

Prince's Circus soon came into renown: Cranley, its rival, offered to buy it. Prince's was not for sale.

Nobody but the lovely Zara, tiger tamer and sensation of the show, could have turned young Prince's thoughts to love. And she could have unloosed the elemental furies of

(*Continued on p. 378*)

DAPHNE COURTNEY, a rising British International Pictures star who makes the best of a small part in *Red Wagon*

ONE MONTH of HISTORY

A Survey of Current Events During November, 1933

Members of Parliament, having enjoyed the longest holidays of any in the kingdom (nearly three months) returned to the House of Commons on November 7. Parliament was then prorogued on November 17, and reassembled four days later.

Chief talk: Sir John Simon on why the Disarmament Conference failed. He also invited Germany to become a friendly "partner" with the rest of Europe. Business done: A new Unemployment Bill introduced, setting up a central authority to look after all unemployed and bringing another 4,000,000 workers (total 16,500,000) within the scope of Unemployment Insurance.

PAGEANT AND FAINT DISCORD.—The King's Speech on Prorogation referred to "the continued willingness of My People to bear heavy sacrifices," which "has made it possible for this country, almost alone among the great countries of the world, to balance income with expenditure."

"What about the abolition of the Means Test and unemployment cuts," a voice interrupted amid the august panoply of the House of Lords. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

It was Mr. John McGovern, Clydeside M.P. for Shettleston, in Glasgow. "Living on the wealth created by other people! . . . parasites!"

The King gave his hand to his Consort, the pages gathered up the Royal trains, Pursuivants and Kings-at-Arms took up their places. The pageant went on as though nothing had happened. Nothing of any consequence had.

"THE DEBATE CONTINUES."—Sir Herbert Samuel, broadcasting in the B.B.C. series "The Debate Continues," announced to such as cared to listen that his section of the dwindled Liberal Party would cross the floor of the House. "The present Government," he said, "is not the Government to which Liberals gave their support at the election of 1931."

The Samuelite bus-load duly crossed over ("in no alliance with Labour") and found plenty of room on one bench below the Opposition gangway. The Liberal Federation chairman announced that at the next general election they would fight 400 seats.

HIGH HEADLINES.—Mild excitement came from the National Labour luncheon to Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, and Sir John Simon. The gist of each Government party-leader's speech was that We Three Are Sticking Together To See It Through. Each decorated the other two with nice eulogies.

The Daily Mail and *The Daily Express*, sniping on the flanks, had forecast the announcement of a new "National Party" to swallow the Conservatives. The Premier begged his audience not to believe stories circulated in some popular newspapers, and asked them to collect "flaring headlines" and keep them for a month. "They keep worse than an old grouse put away in a larder on a hot day in summer, and forgotten until its odour invades the dining-room."

LABOUR GOES UP.—Three seats were held by Conservatives in November by-elections, but all four showed greatly reduced majorities. National Labour held Kilmarnock with 2,653 majority, as against 7,036 at the 1931 General Election. The increase of the Labour vote in the by-elections of 1933 went far beyond its percentage for the General Election in 1931, and even beyond that in 1929, when the last Labour Government was returned to power.

In municipal elections Labour won over 206 seats, with local control in twenty-five cities and towns. The Communists were everywhere defeated.

FIRE-FLICKERS.—Echoes from the great "fire conspiracy" case (leading to the conviction of Leopold Harris and confederates for defrauding fire insurance companies of hundreds of thousands of pounds) swelled into sensation. Captain E. Miles, M.C., chief of the London Salvage Corps, was arrested, charged with conspiring with Harris to pervert the due administration of justice. Resolutely denying the charges he was remanded on £10,000 bail.

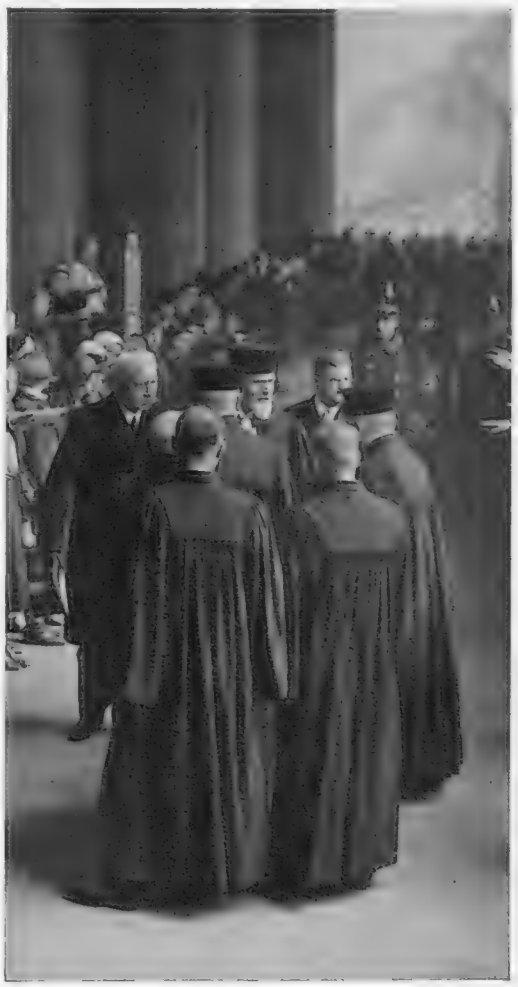
Unconfirmed statements were made that action would be taken in respect of many others whose alleged connection with Harris and others had been under investigation.

ROYAL ASSASSINATION.—Died by the bullets of an assassin in Kabul on November 8 Mohammed Nadir Shah, King of Afghanistan. First accounts said he "met death at the doors of his harem—shot and stabbed by a trusted servant amid the screams of the women." Later accounts stated that he was shot "in revenge" at a students' prize-giving in the grounds of Dilkusha Palace. His nineteen-year-old son, Mohammed Zahir Khan, was proclaimed King. Ex-King Amanullah, exiled in Rome, gave out that he was "prepared to return if my people want me."

HITLER CARRIES ON.—All Germany was silent for one minute on November 10—not in memory of the war dead, but to consider "Germany's mission, the task of her Leader," preliminary to a referendum and election which was to endorse resignation from the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations. Many millions stood still while Herr Hitler broadcast from a factory settlement.

Then, on the day after Armistice anniversary, Germany goose-stepped to the poll for the most complete "yes-men" election in history. There were no candidates except Nazis—no other candidates were permitted. Over 95 per cent. of the electorate voted for the Nazis—it was declared that non-attendance would be regarded as unpatriotic, with all that that means in Hitlerised Germany.

After the election, it was forecast that Herr Hitler would do what Bismarck dared not—dissolve the Governments of the German Federal States (including Prussia) and centralize all administration in the Nazi Reich.



AN EVENT OF THE MONTH IN GERMANY: Members of the Lutheran Church who attended the special service in Berlin last week on the occasion of the 450th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. The celebration was held under the shadow of the German churches' revolt against Nazi domination

AMERICA HURRIES HISTORY.—Mr. Roosevelt's America continued to make hurried history. During November Prohibition died, Tammany was broken in New York's mayoral election, Soviet Russia was recognized after sixteen years, the dollar was officially forced far below par with the pound, and a national campaign was organized against President Roosevelt's furious experiments in search of a recovery that remained round the corner.

The votes of thirty-six States being needed for a change in the U.S. Constitution, three States made up this quota for Prohibition repeal on November 7. There were all-night parties in every city to celebrate the still-illicit liquor. Speakeasies gave away drinks to their patrons, crowds paraded the streets waving bottles. Whisky distilleries in Scotland and elsewhere became active, while waiting for the President's import regulations. The U.S. Government hopes to net an extra £40,000,000 a year in Excise.

Texas Guinan, "whoopee queen" of New York, died hardly conscious of the repeal of the laws she had evaded so amply. Thousands filed past her bier in a flood-lit chapel crowded with camera-men, where she lay in state in a dinner gown of sequin-trimmed chiffon, her nails crimsoned, jewellery on wrists and throat.

EXIT TAMMANY.—New York's wildest mayoral election, accompanied by shooting, rioting, and song—"Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" was the reformers' battle chant—ended in the victory of Major La Guardia, representing the fusion of anti-Tammany interests and "independence from political graft." He beat "Holy Joe" McKee, an unofficial Roosevelt candidate introduced at the last minute, and John P. O'Brien, the former puppet-nominee of Tammany Hall. The last-named's defeat marked the revolt of the electorate from graft and scandals covering nearly twenty years of Democratic control.

U.S.A. AND U.S.S.R.—Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs Litvinoff jovially left Washington for Moscow, after obtaining from President Roosevelt the much-desired official recognition of the U.S.S.R. The Red flag flew for the first time over the former Imperial Embassy in Washington. A resumption of trade and the granting of U.S. credits to Soviet Russia were arranged. Mr. Litvinoff's "credentials" were said to be many millions of dollars' worth of orders.

DOLLAR DANCE.—President Roosevelt's scheme of "trying everything once" in his plans for National Recovery sent the dollar sliding, all but out of control. His manipulation of the price of gold, so as to establish a "commodity" (or "rubber") dollar, caused the actual dollar to set up, almost daily, new low records of parity with the pound. "Pound worth 20s. 3d. in New York"—"Pound now worth 21s. 1d."—"Pound now stands at 22s. 8½d."

When the fall became too precipitate, Mr. Roosevelt steadied it by stopping the purchase of gold abroad for several days. Fears were expressed in the House of Commons for Britain's overseas trade: it was said that the dollar-drop had all but wiped out the advantage from British tariffs. Mr. Neville Chamberlain stated that the Government was "watching the situation closely" and that sterling was "independent of both franc and dollar."

Mr. Woodin, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, bade farewell to Washington on an indefinite term of sick leave. Mr. Dean Acheson, the Treasury Under-Secretary, resigned after a letter of protest against the dollar depreciation. It was then revealed that Mr. James Warburg, a member of the President's "Brain Trust," had resigned as long ago as last July, also with a protest similar to Mr. Acheson's.

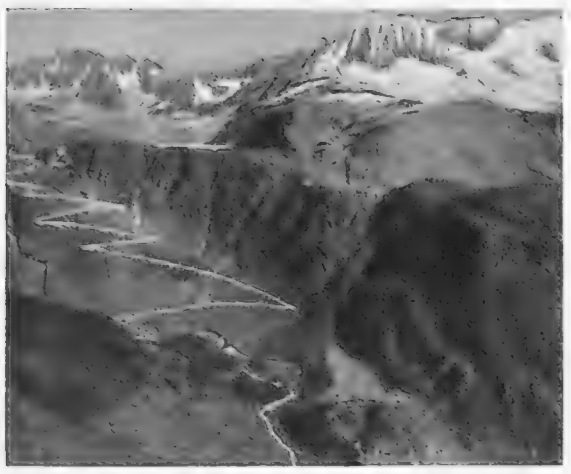
A few days later came the resignation of Dr. O. M. Sprague, adviser to the U.S. Treasury and former economic adviser to the Bank of England. As an orthodox economist he trumpeted loud disagreement with the Presidential experiments with currency. He wrote to the President: "There is no defence from the drift into unrestrained inflation other than an aroused and organized public opinion."

He was supported by most of Wall Street and by Mr. George Blumenthal, representing a big majority of the U.S. bankers, who made public a letter to the President: "I know you do not wish to put your country into bankruptcy, but if that is your purpose you could not adopt more efficient measures than those resorted to for several months."

The President won some applause from the Middle Western agricultural States (where unsaleable farm produce was still buried under low prices), but bankers and most of the business community appeared to be siding with the sound-money champions. These were joined, in the last few days of the month, by Mr. "Al" Smith, formerly Presidential candidate and popular Governor of New York, who declared for the gold dollar against the "boloney dollar."

YET ANOTHER FRENCH CABINET.—France, faced with the refusal of citizens to sacrifice anything, began to waver from gold. Many millions' worth of gold balances were withdrawn from Paris while the dollar fell, and the French Parliament declined to balance a national budget. The three-weeks-old Government of M. Sarraut resigned, after being defeated (like the three Cabinets before it) on a Budget clause to cut State salaries. M. Herriot declined to form a Ministry, but M. Chautemps re-shuffled the last two Cabinets into a third under his Premiership, and was left holding the baby—an almost impossible task of protecting the franc on the one hand, and on the other of persuading French voters to accept more taxes and further national economies.

A. B.



THE VAL FORMAZZA ROAD: The recently constructed motor road which traverses the San Giacomo Pass in the Italian Alps and joins the great San Gothard road

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN PASS OF EUROPE

In the western corner of that part of mountainous northern Italy known as the Tridentine Venetia, where a piece of eastern Switzerland juts into Italian territory, the motoring road between Merano and Trescenda skirts the Swiss frontier over the mountain ridge of the Stelvio. This road, one of the recent achievements of the new Italy, is a marvellous feat of engineering; it is the highest of its kind in Europe and skirts the edge of the glaciers.

The Stelvio road was originally built between 1820 and 1825 by the Austrian Government at a cost of 1,500,000 gulden (about £150,000 at that time), but the Italians have recently converted it into an imposing motoring road. No fewer than eighty hairpin bends, forty-four on the old Austrian side and thirty-six on the other side of the Pass, distinguish this wonderful crossing over the Alps, which attains at its summit a height of 9,000 ft.

THE SCARS OF COMBAT: A view from the Stelvio road of the Pass Hotel. In the foreground are the partially collapsed War-time dug-outs

Branching off from the Merano-Nauders road at Spondigna (a station on the Merano-Malles railway), the Stelvio road gradually rises to Trafoi. Thence to the top of the Pass, where an imposing view of the Ortler glaciers is obtained, is some 14 kilometres and the mean gradient is about 1 in 11·5. On the western side the Pass debouches into the Umbrail Valley road, branching at IV Cantoniera (the Italian-Swiss Customs) to Bormio on the left, and to Santa Maria in the Münster Valley on the right. On this side the mean gradient to Bormio (23 kilometres from the top) is about 1 in 15, and to the Customs (3½ kilometres) about 1 in 13. The Stelvio road is built up on a foundation of granitic stone and surfaced with gravel; it is buttressed against upward slopes, and provided with walls where the downward declivities are dangerous and at bends.

At the Customs there are no unpleasant formalities; if the motorist is coming from Switzerland, and passports and triptychs are in order, the Italian Customs officer opens the barrier in a friendly manner. On the other hand, if one has passed over the Stelvio from Italy and it should happen to be autumn, the Swiss enquires unconcernedly but no less friendlily if the motorist is carrying any fruit. For on the other side are Merano and Bolzano, the paradise of fruit, and the grapes are ripening there.

V. S.

ASCENT MADE EASY: Part of the Stelvio road showing the hairpin bends just below the top of the Pass

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

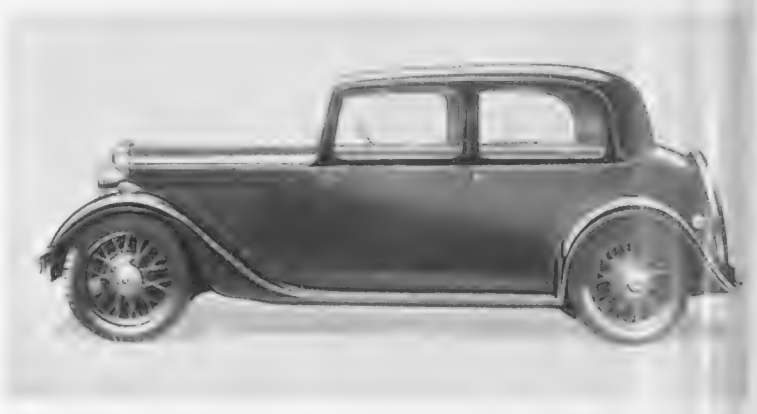
I remember once asking a Frenchman why his nation used the word "club" instead of inventing a French equivalent. He told me that although he could not speak authoritatively, he felt certain that as clubs were such a thoroughly English institution no other word could express what was meant more clearly, even to a foreigner. I then queried whether a club was a typical English invention; but I was then told that in the eyes of most Frenchmen, wherever two or more Englishmen are gathered together, there in the midst of them will be formed immediately a club. Really, it is very true, and if the average Englishman is not busy forming or joining a club he is certain to be organizing a society or league. Not so long ago we had the Pedestrians' Association, and although I do not know the exact number of paid-up members, I think I am safe in assuming that the number bears a very small relation to the total number of pedestrians in this country. Still this association is heard and makes itself felt, which is a matter of congratulation for those responsible for running it. Personally, I think the Pedestrians' Association is an excellent institution; and if it can speak on behalf of the great majority of people who use their legs, then it will be very useful, as we shall never achieve greater safety on the roads without the co-operation of all users, and the trouble up to now has been to find somebody qualified to speak on behalf of the pedestrian.

But the latest organization of the road must surely be the Anti-Noise League, and I read that already they have a qualified inspector measuring noise in various parts of the metropolis. Really this is most interesting because, of all the subjects that are difficult to reduce to figures, I should have thought that noise was a good first. I wonder if this inspector has a complete outfit of noise-measuring instruments, for if he has I am afraid that his work will be of little service, because all the instruments that I have seen measure vibrations and the trouble in actual practice is that the biggest vibration is not always the one that offends most. As might be imagined, I have a little experience with noise and I, therefore, do not envy this inspector his job. Just to show the difficulty that may arise, let me add that complaints when made usually arise from a noise which becomes monotonous rather than from the quantity of noise. My own humble opinion is that the only way to judge noise is by the human ear, and the trouble about that is that the mechanism is human and is affected by all sorts of other considerations, so that what appears to be quite pleasant one day will annoy intensely twenty-four hours later. I reckon that this first inspector of the Anti-Noise League is either a very brave man or does not realize what he has let himself in for.

Talking of noise, only the other day I had an interesting conversation with a high official of one of the most successful firms manufacturing car silencers. He was quite convinced that the noise in our city streets is far greater to-day than it has ever been before. I, on the contrary, was equally certain that the noise was immensely less. Of course, we were both on fairly safe grounds because nobody in this wide world can prove which view is correct. The cars of 1933 and 1934 are surely far more quiet than the cars built before or immediately after the War, and before next year comes to a close most of the noise arising from clashed gears will be absent, so that as time goes on the noise emanating from the average motor car must surely get less. My friend then retaliated by stating that there were far more small sports cars to-day than there has ever been before. That, I think, is a true statement, but I cannot allow the impression to get abroad that the modern small sports car is noisy. The only one I have ever heard on the road which made me look round on account of its exhaust note was a small two-seater green sports car driven by a member of the mobile police. In any case, if there is an increase of small sports cars they are merely taking the place of fast moving, more noisy, and far more dangerous motor cycles. I would like to impress upon the sporting youth who drives a small fast motor car that the real "speed king," if I may be pardoned for using such a description, does not favour noise, in fact he seeks silence. Look at Mr. John Cobb's new Napier-Railton. It is almost as quiet as a Rolls-Royce as it slips round Brooklands at over 130 m.p.h. The big Delage, driven by Mr. Oliver Bertram, is another silent car, and these two show without any manner of doubt that speed need not be necessarily associated with noise. The people who really go fast usually realize that the amateur wants noise only because he can't go fast.

In the course of my travels I occasionally come across a really good hotel, but I must confess that pleasant experiences such as that do not come frequently. The other week-end, however, when the Veteran Car Run to Brighton was taking place, I went over to Reigate to watch the cars come through, and my intention was after having seen them pass to have luncheon at the old hotel which used to stand in the main street. Much to my disgust I found that the hotel had been removed and that there was no building to be seen on the site. I explored every road and lane in Reigate looking for a suitable hotel, and eventually travelled back on the main Sutton road for quite a few miles. I couldn't see anything I liked, so retraced my steps, as I eventually wished to go to Brighton, but on descending Reigate Hill I noticed on my right a hotel with the familiar R.A.C. and A.A. signs outside, so I stopped.

The place is known as the Reigate Hill Hotel, and I should imagine it must have been a private house in bygone days. The two of us had an excellent lunch consisting of soup, fresh Scotch salmon, a choice of roast pork or roast lamb, and a selection of four or five sweets. I enjoyed my lunch, particularly as from the very start large quantities of toast were placed on the table without my having to make any request and this, which I always take as a sign of good service, made me feel that my stay was to be a pleasant one. Everything was clean, the food was hot and nicely served, the room was lofty and airy, and eventually the bill was placed in front of me. The charge was a modest 2s. 6d. each, wine, spirits, and beers, of course, being extra, but I must say the charges for these latter refreshments were, if anything, on the low side. I must confess that I know of no other first-class hotel in England where a motorist can obtain such a satisfying lunch for 2s. 6d. I would certainly recommend anyone passing near Reigate to sample the fare.



THE ROVER "TWELVE" FOUR-DOOR SPORTS SALOON which provides ample room for both the front and rear occupants. It is fitted with anti-splash front wings and a metal-enclosed spare wheel

White lines and one-way traffic streets have undoubtedly contributed towards the greater safety of our roads, but, like everything else in this world, their usefulness is in jeopardy on account of their exaggeration. It is difficult nowadays to travel more than a mile without encountering white lines and directions painted on the road, and I begin to discern that motorists as a body are paying less heed to them than heretofore. This is a great pity, and the Ministry of Transport should endeavour to do something, or if it has not the power, to obtain the necessary authority without delay. The very same process is going on with regard to one-way streets, and I had a very striking example of this presented to me the other day when I was in Birmingham. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that 90 per cent. of the streets in the centre of Birmingham are for one-way traffic only. It is really grotesque—at any rate to a stranger—and I found it very difficult to get about. In fairness I must say that the intentions of the local authority are very clearly indicated by means of notices, so that I have no complaint on that score. I am convinced, however, that the scheme has really been greatly overdone.

At the request of the R.A.C., the Southern Railway Company is making special arrangements for the shipment of competitors' cars starting from John o' Groats or other British controls in next year's Monte Carlo Rally. A boat will be reserved exclusively for these cars on Monday, January 22, 1934, and will sail from Folkestone at 10.15 a.m. A specially reduced rate of £2 per car irrespective of wheel base will be charged, whilst the fare for passengers who will travel on the mail steamer, leaving at 10.50 a.m., will be 12s. 6d. The cargo and passengers are scheduled to arrive at Boulogne together at about 12.30 p.m. The R.A.C. is also arranging with the Southern Railway for one of the club's port officers to cross with the cars in order to deal with the various Customs and other documents in readiness for the authorities at Boulogne, thus saving valuable time. Competitors in the Rally starting from Great Britain desiring to avail themselves of this service should communicate with the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, who will issue the necessary papers, reserve space, and carry out all other arrangements in connection with this part of the journey.

MAINLY PERSONAL

BACK TO THE NAUGHTY NINETIES: Members of the audience arriving at the Garrick for the first night of *The Music Hall of Yesterday*. Outside the theatre a vendor sold the song hits of the last century

SEEN IN THE WEST END: Miss Zena Dare (the Hon. Mrs. Brett) and Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough). *Right*—DOING IT IN STYLE: Jean and Pat Brindid arriving to compete at the Kingston Music Festival. Pat was the youngest entrant

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS: Pupils of the Canal Boat School, West Drayton, indulge in a little seasonable carol practice

CHRISTENING THEIR SON AND HEIR: Lord and Lady North outside St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, after the ceremony. With them are their two elder children, the Hon. Barbara and the Hon. Angela North

MARK HAMBOURG AND HIS FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, who appeared together at a recent Sunday concert. The piano was decorated by Burne-Jones

GEORGE SAVAGE of Govan, Glasgow, who has won first place in the Civil Service Examination (Clerical Section). He is seventeen years old

MISS BEATRICE MUNRO, who appears at the Richmond Theatre on December 4 in the Ivor Novello success, *I Lived With You*. During the summer she played at the Open-air Theatre, Regent's Park

THE B.B.C.'S FIRST WOMAN ANNOUNCER: Mrs. Giles Borrett rehearsing for her appearance in cabaret. Although no longer announcing, she will continue to take part in Broadcast plays

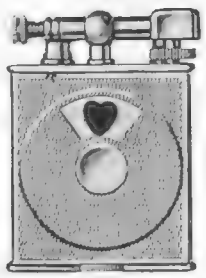
FAMILY GIFTS

This white-haired terrier is one of the famous Panurge pets. He is made on a steel frame, and is, therefore, not only a willing but a reliable beast of burden. He costs 39s. 6d. at Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford Street, London, W. If you prefer them you can choose a circus horse, a cream Arab pony, a kindly-faced donkey, or an elephant

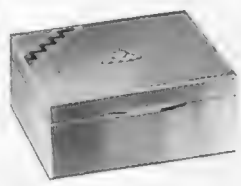
The early morning tea service shown above is of Royal Doulton china in purest white with platinum rings, and it costs 1 guinea at Hampton's of Pall Mall East. The pastel-coloured pure Irish linen breakfast set is appliqued in contrasting shades and costs 10s. 6d., while the price of the hand-embroidered luncheon set, with hand-made filet insets, is 37s. 6d.

The very decorative lamp on the left is in lovely Eastern colourings with a plain vellum shade. It costs £3 17s. 6d. complete at Liberty's of Regent Street, where the quaint pig door-stop may be bought for 15s. 9d. The price of the Moorcroft vase is 32s. 6d. Its colouring and simplicity of design make it a perfect expression of the potter's art

Regimental and club colours provide the *motif* for the gifts on the right. The enamelled cigarette case in any colour and with crest costs 19s. 6d. at T. M. Lewin's of 39, Panton Street, Haymarket. The striped cigarette case is of leather mounted on metal and costs 25s., the note case is 7s. 6d., and the striped leather pouch 12s. 6d.



For the traveller, a leather-backed clothes brush at 9s. 6d.; a leather hanging tie case at 18s. 6d. and a case for ties or soft collars at 17s. 6d.; a bag for stiff collars, 8s. 6d.; a Kwikpak soft collar case, 12s. 6d.; a leather pyjama case with zip fastening, 12s. 6d.; and a leather collapsible wet pack at 21s. All from Austin Reed



If you are looking for something that is different, here is a Regent plate and gilt cocktail shaker which shows the correct ingredients and exact proportions for mixing fifteen cocktails. It costs 3 guineas at the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street. The sterling silver engine-turned cigarette box, lined with cedar, with a silver badge and enamelled colours, costs £4 15s. The engine-turned sterling silver-mounted pocket lighter with trump indicator costs £2 15s., or 17s. 6d. Regent plate - mounted

Pyjamas and shirts made of Luvisca appeal strongly to men, partly on the grounds of economy and partly because of their extreme comfort and warmth. A perfect combination of artificial silk in its latest and best form and of cotton, it is made in an excellent and varied range of stripes as well as in plain colours

THE SUN HOLIDAY.

The Sun is Life. It was an axiom of the Ancients. In the Dark Ages the power of sunshine as a natural means of health and healing was neglected, but Science, in its sure advance, has led us into the glowing reality of another Sun Age. It is visible in the improved health of nations, in the active minds, the bronzed bodies and the daring and enterprise ot modern youth. They are children of the New Sun Age.

The certain enjoyment of sunlight—temperate, healthy sunlight—is one of the stimulating qualities of a visit to South Africa. The ocean voyage, the continuous fresh air, the rest and the completeness of the change—these variations, all in the radiance of summer warmth, make this holiday one long sun-bath of recuperation.

Furthermore, it is travel arranged with the greatest ease, simply by communicating with The Director, Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the leading Tourist Agencies. Our special programme *The Sign of the Springbok* (A.X.), with details of Winter tours at reduced rates, sent *gratis* on request.

"love me to-night"
heavy ottoman silk is used for this striking ensemble of dress and matching three-quarter coat in the new pale blue, the latter being finished with monkey fur.
9½ gns.

"the party spirit"
a practical jumper suit for house wear is made of a soft and cosy velvet and has its trimming touches of contrasting georgette. obtainable in several shades.
4½ gns.

"her pet frock"
the new shoulder line is smartly demonstrated in a gown of satin that has a trimming of cartridge pleating.. the princess line is a notable revival this season.
5 gns.

on buying in the modern manner

almost as notable as fashion changes are the changes in shopping methods used by the modern woman.

busy as she is with her multitude of interests, and having a real appreciation of values that was not perhaps so vividly realised by her great grandmother, she shops in those centres whose service fits in with her outlook.

so the instalment system inaugurated by corot has her instant and admiring approval. dress allowances seem to be more elastic when one's accounts do not seem to be unduly high each month, and so keen is the interest shown in each corot customer that her precious time is saved.

a visit to the corot showrooms will prove how real is this service. or upon receipt of an enquiry, **corot will be delighted to forward a fashion guide** which enables country clients and those abroad to shop with all the ease of a woman in town. particulars of the instalment plan will also be sent upon request.

corot ltd. 33 old bond st. london, w. 1
'phone regent 0234

SHE WILL LIKE THESE

Warm, light, and luxurious, this delightful coat in the palest pinky-beige fur fabric is trimmed with soft fur and is richly lined. It comes from Corot of 33, Old Bond Street and costs 8 guineas. The very pleasant deferred credit system which prevails in these salons allows for the indulgence of generous instincts even though the state of one's personal budget may be precarious!

Like modern cars, the lingerie of to-day is stream-lined to such an extent that any form of elaboration is temporarily frowned upon. The charming crêpe-de-chine shorts in the foreground are lined for warmth and are bordered with appliqued lace. They cost 29s. 6d. at Debenham & Freebody's of Wigmore Street, W. The chemise and plain knickers are made in Courtauld's pure silk satin and are bias cut. The price of these is 29s. 6d. each

Evening shoes make splendid presents, for chosen in white they can subsequently be dyed to any shade. The cut-out shoe on the left, in black or white satin, costs 29s. 6d. at Abbotts of 324, Oxford Street. In gold or silver kid the price is 35s. Black or white crêpe-de-chine with satin appliqués piped with silver kid is used for the 25s. 9d. court shoe, while the third model, which costs 39s. 6d., is in gold kid embroidered with fine white stitching which can be dyed to any colour

Hand-made bootees in softest red glacé lined with lambswool and edged with black fur are seen below. They cost 29s. 6d. at Lilley & Skinner of 358, Oxford Street, where the feather trimmed velvet mule is available for only 7s. 11d. in a host of lovely colours. The price of the gold or silver kid mule, with its black satin sock, is 21s. Glass buckles are being worn on afternoon and evening shoes, and may be obtained from 12s. 6d. a pair

Delightfully cosy, this all-wool flannel camel-coloured dressing gown is trimmed with a rabbit in a handsome blue satin jacket pulling along a little cart in which is seated a fascinating baby bunny. Bound with satin and lined with silk, it comes from Jaeger's of 322, Oxford Street. The all-wool flannel cot or pram cover is amusingly decorated with a red giraffe and a tall tree

A powder case in chromium with a mount in black, red, or green and marcassite is seen on the left. It comes from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge, where the velvet bag in the foreground costs 89s. 6d. Ornamented with a crystalline motif, it is made in many colours. The second bag is made in woollen fabric or velvet, with a copper, chromium, or silver satin mount. This costs 39s. 6d.

BY APPOINTMENT

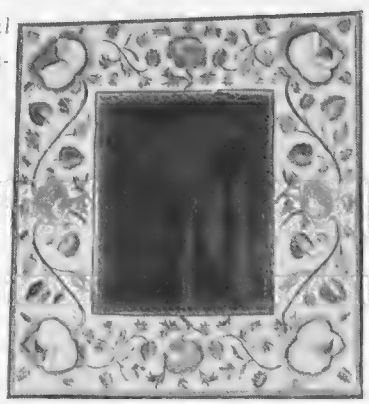
An unusual Stuart MIRROR in pierced brass repoussé frame, the cresting displaying shields of arms. 2 ft. 2 ins. wide.

M. HARRIS & SONS

44 to 52 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Genuine Antique Furniture

such as the original *William and Mary* miniature ARMCHAIR and the small MIRROR in frame of old Stuart embroidery illustrated, offers attractive suggestions

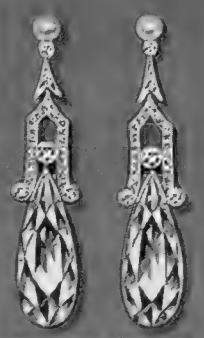


for Christmas Presents

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

All Platinum Watch, set Diamonds
£125.0.0

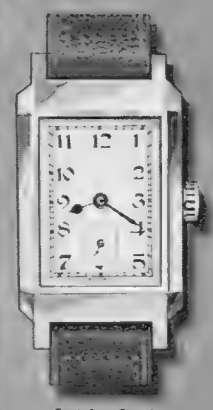
All Platinum Watch, set Diamonds
£275.0.0



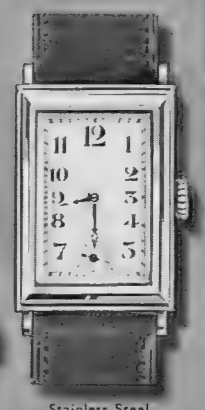
Aquamarine, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Pearl, Platinum and 18 ct. White Gold Earrings, per pair
£28.10.0

Emerald, Diamond and Platinum Ring
£32.0.0

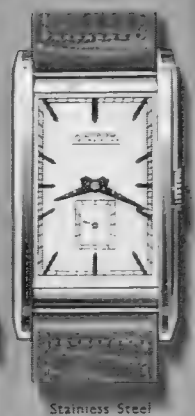
Diamond and Platinum Ring
£35.0.0



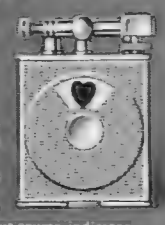
Stainless Steel
£3.10.0



Stainless Steel
£5.0.0
9 ct. Gold **£10.0.0**
18 ct. Gold **£15.0.0**

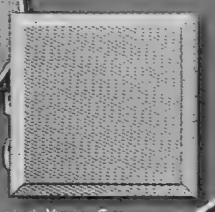


Stainless Steel
£7.10.0
9 ct. Gold **£13.10.0**
18 ct. Gold **£19.0.0**

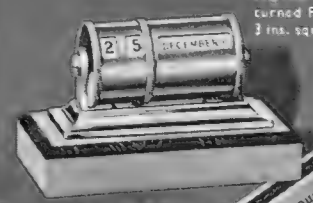


Engine-turned Sterling Silver-mounted Pocket Lighter with trump indicator
£2.15.0
Without trump indicator
£1.17.6

Sterling Silver engine-turned Flapjack Vanity Case, diameter 3 ins.
£1.1.0



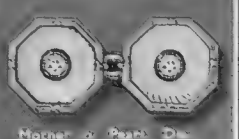
Sterling Silver engine-turned Flapjack Vanity Case, 3 ins. square - - **£1.17.6**



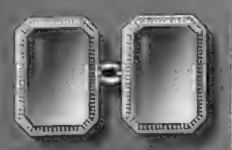
Chromium Perpetual Calendar on Onyx Stand inlaid Malachite. Base length 3½ ins.
£1.3.6

Sterling Silver-mounted engine-turned Waterman Fountain Pen. Self-filling, with clip for pocket, and with screw-out rigid point Pencil end - - **£3.15.0**
9 ct. Gold-mounted - - **£8.7.6**

Sterling Silver Pencil with rubber eraser and compartment for reserve leads.
Length 4½ ins. - - - **15/-**
9 ct. Gold - - - - **£3.10.0**



Mother o' Pearl Diamond, Enamel, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Links per pair - - **£8.10.0**
4 Buttons - - **£8.10.0**
2 Studs - - - **£3.0.0**



18 ct. Gold and Enamel Links per pair **£3.15.0**

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE OF GIFTS GLADLY SENT ON REQUEST

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD

JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS TO H.M. THE KING

112 REGENT STREET LONDON, W.1

AT THE CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET — NO OTHER ADDRESS

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Drawn by Freda Beard

The possession of a really good fountain pen is a source of lasting gratification, for it is something which makes for efficiency, and which helps to smooth away some of the needless pinpricks of daily life. The New Leverless Easy-Fill "Swan" pen differs radically from anything previously made and is simplicity itself to use. Very much the same as an ordinary pen in appearance, except that there is no lever, it can be filled in a split second merely by a double turn of the top of the barrel—first left, then right.

Here is a perfect present for people of any age, and the fact that it is offered at the customary prices for "Swan" quality products — 21s. and 17s. 6d. — makes it doubly desirable.

✣

A Christmas without chocolates is unthinkable. And a Christmas without Cadbury's chocolates would seem but a shadow of its real self. This year they have introduced a series of new boxes designed by such famous artists as Laura Knight, Dod Proctor, Arthur Watts, C. R. W. Nevinson, E. Dulac, and several others. As may well be imagined, the box remains a delightful reminder of the gift long after its delicious contents have been eaten. Three new lines have been added to their half-pound drums of chocolate biscuits, all of which are admirable for parties, particularly the Milk, Table, and B.BL assortments in special seasonal wrappers.

✣

Here is something without which no party would be complete. A hamper of Gaymer's Cyder, which is made entirely from English apples. Gaymer's are making a special Christmas offer—twelve bottles for 10s. carriage paid. Of champagne type, it has a choice bouquet and is a general favourite.

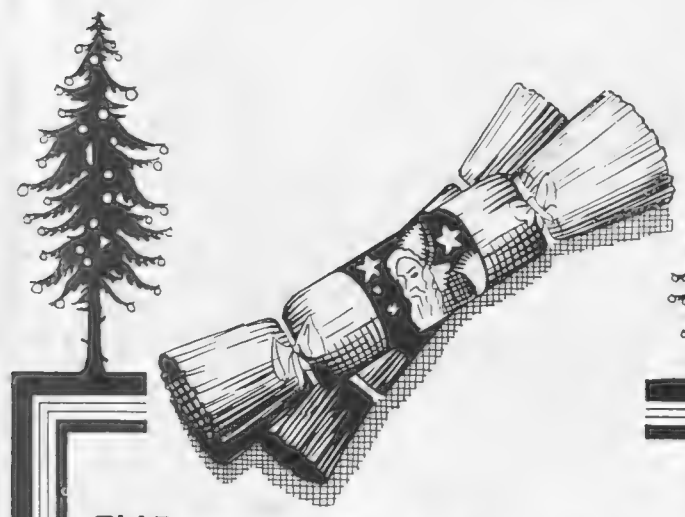
✣

A presentation leather case containing two British Buttner pipes and spare filters would prove a very acceptable gift. It costs 21s. and can be sent direct to friends with a greetings card. The important feature of the Buttner pipe is the special porous filter made from an exceptionally light and absorbent material, and of a shape and size

hitherto unknown. The result of this and other ingeniously incorporated advantages is real protection for the tongue, heart, and lungs.

✣

In a nation of tea-drinkers what more thoughtful present than an attractive caddy of the Doctor's China tea—a blend which everybody can enjoy without fear of ill effects. Praised by connoisseurs for its fine delicate flavour, it is highly recommended by the medical profession for its utter lack of harsh qualities which are dangerous to the digestion, and is available in 1-lb. caddies at 2s. 8d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 10d., and 4s. 4d.



THE SPHERE

XMAS NUMBER

As Indispensable as the CRACKERS

It won't be quite like Christmas unless you have The SPHERE XMAS NUMBER in your home. This year's issue is amazingly good, and a riot of colour from cover to cover. Your regular newsagent will deliver, or you can get it at any bookstall, price two shillings.

THE "PORTHOLE" CLOCK

NEW DESIGN

Above is illustrated the new design of this unique and much coveted clock, which preserves the special characteristics of the earlier design, while introducing new and attractive features. The brass scuttle, which is now hinged and can be opened, is mounted on a solid block of polished bird's eye maple, the traditional timber for a ship's interior decoration. Alternatively the mounting can be of old battleship teak or oak. The seascape is an *original* (not printed) painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., and no two clocks are therefore alike. As any picture can be painted to individual requirements, the owner of a clock can convert the porthole into a private "magic casement" peculiarly his own. The diameter of the glass is 4", and the height of the whole clock, including plinth, 11"

Price £15 15 0

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

STOP THAT COLD
with

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex."

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the pleasant "Vapex" vapour brings an active germicide into direct contact with the infection.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V104

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

To maintain good health and enjoy the pleasure of life, always drink this famous NATURAL Mineral Water and flush impurities from the system. It is invaluable in Digestive and Stomach troubles.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable Everywhere.

CAUTION—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

Send for this Special Xmas Case 10/-

Gaymer's CYDER

By Appointment. *By Appointment.*

Here's a bumper Christmas Box, to suit everybody's taste! Twelve bottles of Gaymer's All British sparkling Cyder—for 10/- carriage paid. There are more than six different varieties—and your favourite is amongst them. Your guests will appreciate the choice bouquet of Gaymer's Champagne type Cyder. It is made from English apples only, no foreign apples nor imported cyders are used. Send the order form below and give everybody a real treat—this Christmas.

ORDER FORM - POST NOW

Please forward the special Christmas Case of Gaymer's Cyder for which I enclose 10/-

Deliver (1) through Messrs. .....
(2) Direct from Attleborough. *(Cross out line not applicable).*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

LUXURY CIGARETTES
—
THE NEW STATE EXPRESS 333
6d. for 10

XMAS GIFTS — THERE ARE 50 VARIETIES OF STATE EXPRESS GIFT BOXES AT PRICES FROM 2/6 UPWARD

BRIDGE-BUILDING (Continued from p. 360)

This, however, by no means represents the entire bridge-building activities of the country. The great new bridge near Muiden, carrying one of the main trunk roads from the South to Amsterdam and completed a month or so ago, does not properly come under the work of the State department. The Provincial and Municipal Governments are responsible, either in whole or in part, for bridge-building plans which, taken together, do not fall far short of the comprehensive plan on which the Office of Works is engaged. The job has grown so big that a special Bridge Building Department of the Ministry had to be established, and a big building in the Langelombard Straat in The Hague was handed over to the corps of working engineers. It was there I discussed the question of Holland's bridges with Chief Engineer van Bergen, who is responsible for the designs of many of Holland's newest bridges. Mr. van Bergen looks upon his and his department's efforts with a very modest eye. "After all," he said, "it's only a matter of mathematics rounded off with æsthetics—and that's easier to-day than it used to be. Æsthetics has much more in common with pure mathematics to-day than it used to have." A great many of the smaller bridges are being constructed entirely in concrete. They embody a number of new engineering characteristics, and have a very real technical importance which, however, is outside the scope and competence of this article. There is one technical feature in connection with the actual building which ought to be referred to, and this concerns a new system of pile-driving which, according to Chief Engineer van Bergen, is enormously superior to the old methods. Known as the Franki system, after the Belgian engineer who perfected it, it has been adopted by the Dutch bridge builders, and the results are said to be very remarkable. This new method makes it possible to drive concrete piles in parts of a river bed where formerly it was impossible to secure a proper foundation, or, where possible, only at great expense and with much loss of time. Its value to the Dutch engineers, who in the past have had always to contend with unsatisfactory foundations, is enormous; while the present use of the system on such a wide scale in Holland has aroused the interest of engineers the world over.

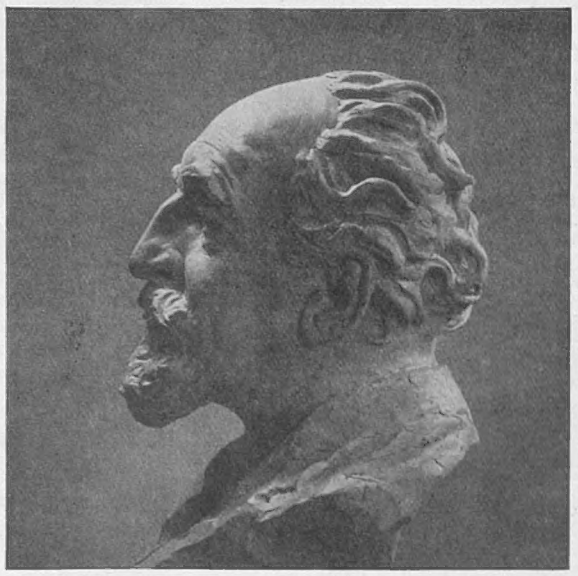
LONDON'S LARDER (Cont. from p. 356)

30,000,000 lb. of tea are warehoused in their 112-lb. chests, but we notice that a hole has already been cut in each of them and a tin plug put in; for the tea is sold in Mincing Lane by samples that have to be drawn out from each chest to make sure that the quality is the same. Ninety-nine per cent. of it is Indian or Ceylon tea, but we are shown some broken orange Pekoe from Java which cost 10s. 2d. a pound even in Mincing Lane and is so expensive that it has to be used either for blending or for exhibition purposes. Nearby is the busiest scene of all. This is where the produce of Scotland is being shipped off at the rate of 800 dozen bottles of whisky a day to the United States. The repeal of Prohibition is doing Great Britain no harm. And then as we depart and, looking over the wharf from London Bridge, see the long line of tall luffing cranes, we agree with Stephen Graham that they are "the gateways unto heaven," or at any rate unto our stomachs.

HORSE OF THE DESERT

(Continued from p. 366)

She has recently finished writing a complete history of the horse which is more than a quarter of a million words in length. That, if you please, is the length of four ordinary seven-and-sixpenny novels. Some sections of this will probably have to form part of a separate publication, so that the standard part of this book now represents a mere trifle of 200,000 words. But if one wants to see how one woman trained to the work can direct a great and unique business, one must imagine the owner of this famous stud going the rounds of the stables and paddocks in the morning, wet or fine, checking the feeding schedules, holding inspections, fixing appointments and sales, and the thousand and one details which are vital to the management of a breeding stud averaging 100 head. And having surveyed the high level of efficiency of the whole, the order and method, the judgment and businesslike ability which have made this stud unique in the world, one realizes, perhaps, that there are sometimes certain affairs of moment which benefit by the wit and intuition of a woman. Crabbet is more than a mere stud. It is the life-work of a family, not only a monument to one woman's skill, but directly hereditary work going back 200 years to the great Arab foundation stud of Lady Wentworth's ancestor, Sir Ralph Milbanke of Halnaby, whose famous mares are recorded in the first volume of the G. S. B.



M. GASTON BOUDOU: A bronze bust of the well-known director of Emile, Conduit Street, presented to him a few days ago in appreciation of his work for the betterment of the hair-dressing profession

"RED WAGON" (Cont. from p. 368)

jealousy which parted them when Joe Prince suspected her of intrigue with Toby, his fellow tenter and friend. It was some time later that Joe met Sheba, tawny daughter of the gipsy, Starlina, of his youth. When he married her the feudal anger of his circus folk was as bitter as his own disillusionment when later she left him for her gipsy lover, Davey Heron, taking with her his hard-pent savings. "Circus First" remained his motto, but Prince's Circus ceased to be first with the public—down and down—till the Cranley offer seemed the only way. Joe, dispossessed and disheartened, took to the road. Then fate took another hand. Zara came back into his life. She was still a "top liner" in the world's best circus bills. Joe Prince started again; this time with his lovely partner. He thought his greatest ambition had at last been realized; but before another tiny arm could be raised to the tattoo needle he knew he had been wrong. The motto should have been "Prince's Circus First."

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

By Royal Command the boys of the Newport Market Army Bands School, which is a branch of the above Society, lined the Forecourt at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of the State Opening of Parliament on November 21. This speaks well for the high opinion held in Buckingham Palace of the training received by these boys. Funds are most urgently needed for this great work, and all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary at the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE.	FRANCE—*continued.*
Beaulieu (A.M.)—The Carlton.—Full south. Lge. sheltered garden—Winter tms. fr. Frs. 40. Summer: Carlton Hotel, Le Touquet (C. du N.)	**Menton.—Orient Hotel.**—A most luxurious hotel at reasonable rates. 200 rms. 100 baths. Arrangements from Fs. 55. Prop. L. Brunetti.
Cannes (Alp. Mart)—Hotel Suisse.—Family Hotel. Comfortable Garden leading to Croisette. Terms From Frs. 50.	MONTE CARLO.
Hyeres.—The Golf Hotel.—On its famous links (18 holes). Open now. Inclusive rates from Fs. 65.	**Royal Hotel.**—All comforts. Full south; garden overlooking sea. Pension from Frs. 60.
Hotel Annonciata, Menton.—Sunniest, driest sit., unrivalled views, lovely gdn., home cmfts., library, garage. Open all the yr. Sterling quotn.	**Hotel des Etrangers.**—Sunny rooms with full pension from Frs. 40. Excellent food. Only 1st-class hotel including tax.
	Cap d'Ail (nr. Monte Carlo)—Eden Hotel. 200 rooms. On sea. 15 acres park. Tennis. Own Beach. Free 'bus to M.C. Pens. 65 fr. No Taxes.

NICE CIMIEZ HERMITAGE
Every Room with Bath. Finest Situation.
Beautiful Gardens. Tennis. A. AGID.

FURS & FUR COATS
OF QUALITY, also COATS & GOWNS
Pay by small amounts that will pass unnoticed in your monthly expenditure.
Write for Catalogue to Dept. W.F.W.
SMARTWEAR Ltd.,
263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Cuticura Shaving Cream
Gives a clean, cool shave, making daily shaving a comfort. It is economical, a small amount making a good lather which soothes the skin, doing away with the necessity of using lotions.
1s. 6d.
British Depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, LTD., 31, BANNER ST., LONDON, E.C.1.

If it's GOOD SPORT you'll see it in The SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS
Every Friday—from all Booksellers & Newsagents
ONE SHILLING
3311 Pitt

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *December 2, 1933.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen	The Caledonian H.
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private H.
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Treardur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room H.
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private H.
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private H.
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Twr. H.
Do.	Branksome Dene H.
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Pte. H.
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina Hse. Pte. H.
Do.	Osborne Priory H.
Do.	Westminster Hall H.
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge H.
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mans. H.
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Do.	Old Ship Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms H.
Bude	Falcon Hotel
Do.	Grenville Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion H.
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House H.
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House H.
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court H.
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Coniston	Raeburn Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Pte. H.
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Do.	York Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms H.
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian H.
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	"Donnington," Enys Road
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth H.
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Manor House Hotel Budock Vean
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's H.
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Do.	The Midland and Royal Hotel
Goathland	Goathland Hydro H.
Golspie	Sutherland Arms H.
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Hailsham	Woodside Resident'l H. & Country Club
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydro Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Harrogate Hydro H.
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-T.	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft & Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House H.
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private H.
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale H.
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private H
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House H.
Letchworth	The People's House
Lewes	The Shelleys Hotel
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gl'ster Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court H., 29, Leinster Gdns., W.2
Do.	Craven H., Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell Hse. Pte. H., 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Cumberland House Private Hotel, Kew Gardens
Do.	Euston H, Drummond St., N.W.1
Do.	Grafton H., Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbdg., S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand H., Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace H., Bloomsbury St., W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt H., Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor H., 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington H., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Pl., S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensboro' Ter., Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	The Hotel Vandyke, Cromwell Road, S.W.7
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Do.	Wilton H., Victoria, S.W.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lundin Links, Fife	Lundin Links Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Minehead	Kingsway Pte. Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace H.
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Pte. H.
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle H.
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart H.
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence H.
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private H.
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales H.
Do.	Parry's Waverley H.
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff H., Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen H., Babbacombe
Do.	Dartmeet Private H., Belgrave Rd.
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor H.
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links H., Babbacm.
Do.	Livermead Cliff H.
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria & Albert H.
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private H., St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester H.
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Pte. H., Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House H.
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay H.
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Hints for Travellers

EGYPT'S WATERWAY.

Visitors to Egypt should make every effort to take the famous Nile voyage from Assiut to Wadi Halfa (the second Cataract) and thus see this ancient highway along which are some of the most famous temples and tombs. Thos. Cook's Nile Steamer Service has long been recognized as the orthodox way of making this voyage, the fleet including two large and luxurious steamers which can be said to resemble ocean liners on a small scale. On account of their size these steamers cannot pass through the locks of the Assuan dam; they connect there with a smaller vessel in which one makes the fascinating voyage to Wadi Halfa. The return trip from Assiut to Wadi Halfa takes three weeks, but if time is limited only the two weeks' voyage from Assiut to Assuan need be taken. The fare for the complete voyage from Assiut to Wadi Halfa and back is £75, and for the two weeks' trip to Assuan £50. Messrs. Cook arrange some very attractive shore excursions all of which are included in the above fares.

ITALIAN PROGRESS.

A most interesting booklet entitled *Ten Years of Italian Progress* has just been issued by the Italian State Tourist Department. This booklet should interest tourists to a great extent, as it has been compiled to lay before them an account of the most essential things that have been accomplished in Italy during the last ten years, from the foreign visitor's point of view. The booklet, which is well illustrated, may be obtained free of charge from the department's London office at 16, Waterloo Place, S.W.1.

AN INTERNATIONAL WINTER SPORTS WEEK AT INNSBRUCK.

From January 20 to 28 Innsbruck will be the scene of Austria's International Winter Sports Week. Many different championships will be competed for, including the European Championship in men's fancy skating. The Austrian Federal Railways are granting a special reduction to competitors and officials, while spectators can obtain a 25 per cent. reduction. These reductions are only applicable from the Austrian frontier.

Answers to Enquirers

V., London (Cyprus, Dalmatia).—Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, is the best centre for a winter holiday, and the climate is particularly pleasant during January, February, and March. You could live for 10s. per day and less at the best hotels there. The 1st class single fares from London to Port Said by P. and O. steamer, and from Port Said to Cyprus by Khedivial Mail steamer, are £34 and £4 2s. respectively. If you particularly want a long sea journey you could travel by one of the small boats of the Prince Line, the single fare being £22. These boats call at Alexandria, Jaffa, Haifer, and Beirut, and stay several days in the various ports. As there are no sailings from England direct to Dubrovnik you would have to go to Marseilles and there take a boat of the Italian Ardria Line to Fiume, from where it is but a short journey to Dubrovnik. The fare from Marseilles to Fiume is £15, but this does not include the price of meals. The journey takes about eighteen days, as the boat calls at various Italian ports. At the Grand Hotel Imperial in Dubrovnik you would get en pension terms for 12s. 6d. per day.

S., Berks (Walking tour in the Pyrenees).—Your best plan would be to start at Bagnères-de-Luchon in the Haute-Garonne province and work your way back to St. Jean de Luz. The most beautiful route lies through Arreau, Ste. Marie de Campan, Luz, and Pont d'Espagne. From the latter place, which lies in the midst of most magnificent scenery, you could make a detour into Spain via Panticosa to Jaca, and then return to France via the Col du Somport Pass to Oloron. This pass is open only between June and September. From Oloron you would reach St. Jean de Luz via Mauleon, St. Jean Pied de Port, and Cambo. Out of the fourteen days' tour, we have left one day free, as you will no doubt wish to spend a few hours in the more interesting towns. The return 3rd class fare from London to St. Jean de Luz is £6 7s., and the 3rd class fare from St. Jean de Luz to Bagnères-de-Luchon is fifty-five francs, so that we doubt whether it would be any cheaper to go by rail and return from St. Jean de Luz by cargo boat, always supposing you could get one.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

Strange Chapters in History: CHRISTMAS with the Crusaders

CHRISTMAS IN THE CAMP OF THE CRUSADERS OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

"As darkness fell, thousands of lights appeared. Torches and candles twinkled, fires blazed throughout the camps. The odour of burning twigs mixed with the characteristic aroma of wine dripped over the roasted meat. Here and there, bishops and high priests on horseback, accompanied by a retinue of cavalry, made their way through the multitude, showering the largesse of benediction. Sometimes they passed before a gorgeous tent, where the warriors fell on their knees with the precision of military drill; sometimes they passed through a picturesque hurly-burly of gipsies, eager to expose their babies to the gesture before which mighty and humble alike bent the knee."

A delightful Christmas Story of long ago—Retold and illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

"What lies ahead of EUROPE'S YOUNG ROYALTIES?" by Ferdinand Tuohy.
"OUR YEARLY FEAST," by A. H. Adair.
"DEVIL'S ISLAND CONVICT ESCAPES," by Arthur Mills.
"CREATING CHRISTMAS," by Winifred Lewis.
"DO YOU REMEMBER?" by May Edginton.
"AT THE SIGN OF THE WOODEN DOLLY," by C. Fox Smith.
"CADS' CHRISTMAS," by Marguerite Steen.
"AIR RIDERS OF THE DESERT," by William J. Makin.
"DOBSON OF MARKET HARBOROUGH," by James Francis Dwyer.
"Wimmin-Gur-r-rh!" by F. E. Verney.
Studies in Psychology No. 12. ETERNAL TRIANGLE, by Hannen Swaffer.
BOOKS: Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.
CABINETS FOR COLLECTORS.
Gifts to please all ages.
Grannie's Recipes.
A knitted Bed-jacket.
The GAMES CORNER.
COMPLEXION—Care or Cares? by "Chrysis."
A NOTE OF THE MONTH
Seven examples of ENGLISH CHARM.
KITE COTTAGE, MONK'S HORTON, KENT—the Home of Mary Grey.
HOW THEY DID IT THEN, by Winifred Lewis.
OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
"VERY COMFORTABLE," by H. T. W. Bousfield.
The MOTORING SECTION, by the Earl of Cardigan.
Literary Competition
THE CHILDREN'S SALON.

THE INNKEEPER OF BETHLEHEM

"The decree of Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled had made at least one man happy—the innkeeper at Bethlehem.

"He re-read the proclamation printed in charcoal, in Hebrew characters, on the flaking wall beneath which on market-days farmers strewed fodder for their asses: 'Every man to his own city to be enrolled.' That meant that all the tall sons of David's lineage who had sallied forth to seek their fortunes in the ambitious Roman world must return to their lowly place of origin. For one night little Bethlehem on its hill-top, ignored, half deserted, dreaming of past glories, would be thronged as Jerusalem. The innkeeper smiled. His hostel would be full."

You'll enjoy every page . . . By Coningsby Dawson, illustrated by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

You'll want something GOOD to read at Christmas
SO GET BRITANNIA and EVE —THE NEW STYLE MAGAZINE
ONE SHILLING—OF ALL NEWSAGENTS & BOOKSTALLS
3311 P136

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *December 2*, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.